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THOS. E. WATSON, EDITOR

ARTICLES BY THE EDITOR IN THIS NUMBER

POPULAR SOVEREIGNTY, REPUBLICAN-DEMOCRATIC INSTITUTIONS, AND PAGANISTIC ROMANISM

THE STRANGE AND TRAGIC FATE OF MEXICO
(CHAPTER V.)

EDITORIAL NOTES AND CLIPPINGS

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Mr. Watson bought out his publishers, the MacMillans, and he now owns plates, copyright and all.

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Vol. XXI. *JULY, 1915* *No. 3*

CONTENTS

FRONTISPIECE—"Time to Go!"

SPECIAL ARTICLES AND EDITORIALS—Thos. E. Watson:

POPULAR SOVEREIGNTY *117*

THE STRANGE AND TRAGIC FATE OF MEXICO (Chap. V.) *135*

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CONFESSIONAL *140*

EDITORIAL NOTES AND CLIPPINGS *148*

BOOK REVIEWS *170*

Published Monthly by THE JEFFERSONIAN PUBLISHING COMPANY, Thomson, Ga.

TIME TO GO!

WHO SAID IT FIRST, WILSON OR BRYAN?

Watson's Magazine

THOS. E. WATSON, Editor

Popular Sovereignty, Republican-Democratic Institutions, and Paganistic Romanism

Ancient Civilization, the Dark Ages, and the Birth of Modern Liberty and Progress

LET us meet one another, boldly, on this question of Civilization. The priests contend that the Roman Catholic Church founded and developed our Christian Civilization. On the contrary, my contention is, that the Roman Catholic Church destroyed ancient Civilization, put out the light of Learning, penalized scientific research, froze the human brain with fear, bridled the human tongue, struck out of the hands of scholars the pens that were free, reduced woman to a position of barely tolerable concubinage, riveted the chains on the arms of Labor, and thus cursed Europe with the fearful centuries known as the Dark Ages.

My contention, broadly stated, is that one great civilization after another had been developed by every organized people of whom history gives us any account. In each of these Civilizations, a high standard had been reached, as we know from the laws, the ethical codes, the agriculture, the commerce, the architecture and the literature of every one of those perished empires.

My contention is, that the Roman Catholic Church destroyed as much of this ancient civilization as it could; and that the whole of Christendom was plunged into Night and Superstitious Fear, for hundreds of years, until at length the heroic Skeptics who preceded the Protestants, blew the first blast of a glorious Resurrection of buried Thought.

It is not worth while to haggle over details: the big question is, *Whence came our Civilization? Did it come from Popery? Or does it exist, as a revival of older civilizations, and in spite of Popery?*

The Roman Catholic author, Cousin, says: "*The history of Indian philosophy is the abridged history of the philosophy of the world.*"

The Hindoo law was the first to regard marriage as an unbreakable contract. Betrothal preceded the wedding, as with us. The father gave away the bride, as with us.

The girl-wife was protected by the parents, until she arrived at the age of puberty. Marriages with near relatives were more strictly forbidden than with us. *Even fourth-cousins*, could not intermarry.

It is true that the husband was absolute master of the household; but this was the case in the Christian world, until a hundred or so years ago. While Roman Catholicism had control of England, in the 14th, 15th, 16th and

17th centuries, the wife was the slave of the husband. She had no rights over her property, or over her children. If her husband beat her, she had no redress: if he made her a prisoner in her own home, the Law could not restore her freedom.

This horrible state was not changed for the better by the Roman Catholic Church, *but was changed by such "modernists" as Rome has always put to death*, when she could.

While the wife was under the control of the husband in Hindostan, *the door of freedom stood open, always.*

Here is the golden law of Manou:

"The husband may be abandoned by his wife, if he is criminal, impotent, degraded, afflicted with leprosy, or because of a prolonged absence in foreign countries."

No such door of hope and escape offered freedom to the English, French, Spanish, German or Italian wife, so long as popes were supreme.

No such door of hope and escape is offered to Roman Catholic wives, of today.

Their husbands may not be able to consummate the marriage; but the poor, deceived, despairing wives have no escape from such a tantalizing fate.

The Roman Catholic husband may be a criminal, a drunken beast, a leper, an absentee, a degraded, despised wretch whom self-respecting men avoid as they would contamination—yet the wife must submit her body to his lusts, give birth to his degenerate children, who will, in turn, be the masters of other wives and the procreators of other degenerates.

The civilization of India said to the unhappy wife:

"You have been deceived; you have been made the wife of a criminal; you see that your husband is impotent, and cannot act as normal, virile manhood does: he has a loathsome, incurable disease: he has so conducted himself that everybody despises him: he has gone on his travels and has been away an unreasonable time: *Arise and walk out of that living death!*

"You have a right to a congenial, loving mate, who will make you happy, and give you children: you shall have the opportunity!"

On the contrary, the Roman Catholic Church of today tells these wretched wives, that they have no relief, no escape, save in the tomb. Death, alone, can break the chain!

To be free, they must die.

Excepting, of course, in those cases where a king, or a millionaire, can buy a divorce, as has been so often done. (A late case is the Drexel-Emmetts, of Philadelphia.)

One of Manou's laws—lib. II. cloca 55, etc.—reads thus—

"Women should be nurtured with every tenderness and attention by their fathers, brothers, husbands, and brothers-in-law, if they desire great prosperity."

Again—"Where women live in affliction, the family soon becomes extinct; but when they are loved and respected, and cherished with tenderness, the family grows and prospers in all circumstances."

Again—"When women are honored, *the divinities are pleased*; but when men honor them not, *all acts* of piety are fruitless."

In the sacred books of India, we find the following:

"Man is strength: woman is beauty: he is the reason that governs, but she is the wisdom that moderates; the one cannot exist without the other, and hence the Lord created them two, for the one purpose."

Again—"He who despises woman, despises his mother."

"He who is cursed by a woman, is cursed by God."

"*The tears of a woman call down the fire of Heaven on those who make them flow.*"

"The woman watches over the house,

and the protecting deities of the hearth are happy in her presence. *The labors of the field should never be assigned to her.*"

"It was at the prayer of a woman that the Creator pardoned man: *cursed be he who forgets it.*"

Can anybody find, in the Roman Catholic canon-law, or sacred books, such tender consideration for women? Can he, in Roman Catholic literature, discover sentiments so exalted?

The religion of India practically taught the men, that their souls' salvation depended on the kind treatment of women.

Can anyone show us that Roman Catholicism ever so valiantly, so nobly, so lofitly took sides with the weaker sex?

On the contrary, the Roman Church announced the horrible doctrine, that "Woman is the open door of hell, for she brought sin into the world;" and, during the Dark Ages, it was a matter of solemn debate among Romanist theologians, *whether women had souls!*

Compare this with the Hindoo maxim, that God forgave sinful Man, at the intercession of Woman.

The following tribute is paid the Brahmins of India, by the Roman Catholic missionary, Dubois:

"*Justice, humanity, good faith, compassion, disinterestedness; in fact, all the virtues, were familiar to them, and taught by them to others, both by precept and example, hence the Hindoos profess, speculatively, at least, nearly the same principles of morality as ourselves.*"

("Mœurs des Indes," par L Abbe Dubois a. II.)

The Sanscrit language of the Hindoos was the parent of all languages, ancient and modern. I thought that it was commonly known that all civilizations, ancient and modern, were traceable to the cradle in which they were rocked, India.

When I think of the scientists and architects and law-givers and conquerors of that Fourth Monarchy which the Persians overthrew, and then think of the besotted, superstitious Roman priests who smothered learning and free thought, and brought upon Europe the awful night of the Dark Ages, I am amazed that any one could speak lightly of the civilization of the valley of the Euphrates.

Those Babylonians, at their best, were the strong men of their time. They carried the banner of conquest from the Persian Gulf to the Nile.

In the Bible, we find evidence of how much they were feared: they were the mighty men of the war-horse and the spear.

They were the great builders; their temples and their palaces were on a scale of almost inconceivable grandeur.

The Hanging Gardens which a Babylonian King constructed to please his wife, were one of the Seven Wonders of the ancient world.

In Babylonia, irrigation was carried to perfection: the earth was made to yield prodigious harvests.

These people had a magnifying glass with which they studied the heavens.

They also invented the sun-dial and the water-clock.

They had discovered our planetary system, and they knew that the earth moved round the sun. They had a zodiac of their own, and it was much the same as ours.

They gave names to the days of the week, and those names yet cling in Latin lands.

In 1901, there was discovered, at Susa—where it had been carried as a trophy by the victorious Persians—the table of laws which the sun-god, Shamash, had given to Hammurabi, the first King of Babylonia. It is 600 years older than that which was given to Moses, on Mt. Sinai.

Yet the two codes present startling resemblances.

(See, Saloman Reinach's "Orpheus," and Rawlinson's "Seven Great monarchies.")

One of the deities worshipped by the Babylonians was a woman; and, in course of time, she almost monopolized the adoration of the faithful, just as Mary is gradually monopolizing the adoration of Roman Catholics.

The Babylonian priests dressed very much as Romanist priests now do—mitre and all. Babylonian priests used holy water, incense, candles, etc., just as Romanist priests now do.

In Babylon, the priests practised exorcisms and did miraculous things, just as Romanist priests now do.

In Babylon, the priests made victims of the women, just as Romanist priests now do.

In Babylon, the priests were on the everlasting hunt for money, just as the Romanist priests now are.

The Babylonians had a story of the Flood, very much older than ours, and very much like it—even to the sending forth from the ark of the dove and the raven.

The Babylonian story of Moses and the bulrushes, ante-dates ours, by hundreds of years.

(See, "Voices of the Past." Robertson, pp. 107, 153.)

Reinach closes one of his profoundly interesting chapters with this statement:

"By the intermediary of the Bible and Greek civilization, *we are the heirs of the Babylonian religion.*"

The *Egyptians* were the first who collected books into vast libraries, and thus preserved the literary treasures of the Ancient World.

The *schools of Egypt* attracted scholars from the remotest regions.

Do not travellers from all parts of the world visit the Nile to see the wonderful remains of Egyptian achievement—the beautiful, indestructible paintings on the walls of tombs, the colossal temple of Karnak, the mysterious Pyramids and the awe-inspiring Sphinx?

On the tomb-walls of Egypt appears the Phallic emblem which represents sexual intercourse and racial reproduction. The Hearst newspapers, two years ago, published a large picture of that Phallic symbol—without knowing what it typified.

The Roman Catholic Church, in the Dark Ages, adopted that sexual-intercourse emblem as one of its religious vestments, and both priests and nuns wear it!

When I exposed this, in 1911, they became furiously resentful, and have been criminally persecuting me, ever since.

From Egypt, Moses learned much of his wisdom. From Egypt, the Israelites, the Carthaginians, the Tyrians, the Greeks, and the Romans *bought food and borrowed ideas.*

Egypt fell a prey to repeated foreign conquest, to a mongrelization of races, and a concentration of wealth *in the hands of the priesthood*, and of the nobility.

Who has not read the Bible story of Joseph, and of his plan for concentrating the ownership of the land?

Our knowledge of geometry comes from the Egyptians, as does much of what we know about astronomy, and irrigation.

(Here we are in the United States, struggling to escape the tyranny and usurpation of life-tenure Federal judges, when in ancient Egypt, the people elected their judges, periodically turning them out when displeased with them. Instead of the wrangles and trickeries of our court-house trials, the Egyptian judges required everything to be in writing; and after all the evidence and the arguments were submitted, a decision was promptly made.)

When a papist speaks contemptuously of Grecian civilization, he becomes unintelligible.

Since when, was Homer discrowned as King of Poets?

Since when, was Demosthenes superseded as Prince of Orators?

The greatest soldier of the Old World was a Greek.

The profoundest law-givers of the Old World were Greeks.

No architects constructed more elegant and imposing edifices than the Athenians.

Their sculptors and painters were without rivals.

Their mythology was joyous, and their standards of public and private virtue were of the highest.

Their literature is yet one of the treasures which intellectual men, throughout the Western world, never tire of eulogizing.

Their prowess in battle is a proverb; their idea of patriotism, an inspiration; their conception of justice and duty, as lofty as human beings may attain.

This glorious civilization passed away, as all earthly grandeurs do, when the nation had run its course.

Foreign conquest, admixture of inferior blood, civil wars, clashing interests, and ambition, led the way to ruin, and the Roman conquest completed it.

In Lecky's "History of European Morals," Volume II., p. 31, we read:

"It was a remark of Aristotle, that the superiority of the Greeks to the barbarians was shown, amongst other things, in the fact that the Greeks did not, like other nations, regard their wives as slaves, *but treated them as help-mates and companions.*"

The Greek wife was expected to live within the privacy of her home, and she did not appear at table when her husband was feasting his friends, unless those friends were relatives. Nor was she at liberty to receive male visitors, save when some relation of hers was present. But there is nothing very harsh in the first regulation, and the second seems eminently calculated to protect both the wife and the husband. As to living in seclusion, *that* wasn't so bad, either.

The known facts, that Grecian women used beautiful *fans*, and ornate *sunshades*, similar in size and shape to the modern parasol, would seem to indicate that they appeared on the streets and promenades quite as often as they thought proper—else, why the protection from the sun, and why the coquettish fan?

The Greek wife was mistress of the household, had the ordering of the domestic economy, controlled the slaves whose duties were indoors, directed the earlier training and education of the children, occupied herself at music, painting, embroidering, garment-making, spinning, and weaving.

The Greek wife was not condemned to wear unearthly hats, indecently suggestive clothes, or foot-ruining shoes.

She either went bare-headed, in all the glory of her simply-dressed hair, or she wore a graceful hood, bonnet or cap—as attractive and becoming as the Spanish mantilla.

Her form was protected and concealed by the flowing robes, thoroughly modest and thoroughly comfortable.

Her feet rested upon the open sandal, guiltless of corns, bunions and nauseating sweat.

Did these Greek wives love their husbands? Did the husbands honor their wives?

Aristotle testifies that they did: Plutarch gives similar evidence, and so does Homer.

Very beautiful was the married life of Hector and Andromache; and we have no reason to believe that it was exceptional.

The faithful wife who waits so many years for the coming home of the husband, is nowhere better illustrated than in the case of Penelope, the wife of Ulysses.

As Lecky suggests, the Trojan war was caused by the abduction of one Greek's wife. All Greeks made common cause with the injured husband; and, *for ten years*, that conflict was maintained.

While there is much that is legendary and incredible in Homer's stories of the Seige of Troy, yet the mere fact that he should assign *the elopement of a Greek wife*, as a sufficient provocation for a national uprising and a prolonged war, is very convincing evidence of the jealousy with which the pagan Greeks guarded the honor of their homes and their wives.

At an early period, as we are told by Lecky (Volume II., p. 293), the father of young women about to be married allowed them a dowry.

This was delivered to the husband, but in case of a divorce, the husband was compelled to restore the dowry to the wife.

It is easy to realize that such a law tended greatly to the dignity and independence of married women.

The ancient tombs in which these Greek women were buried have yielded up incontestable evidence of the adoration of fathers, lovers, and husbands.

In those sepulchers have been found the most exquisite adornments which ever enhanced feminine beauty. The finger-ring, the bracelet, the necklace, the golden girdle, every gem and every jewel were employed to bedeck "the human form divine;" and the toilet articles, the vase-paintings, the home-furnishings, the bath-chambers, are but a few of the imperishable testimonials of the Greek's consideration for womankind.

The Grecian wife, sister and daughter were not subjected to polluting questions poured into their ears by lustful bachelor priests.

The wife was not educated to believe *that she must meet a man, in a place of privacy, and allow that man to ask her what took place between herself and her husband, when they went to bed together.*

Her daughter's mind was not sown with prurient suggestions, designed to rob her of modesty, self-respect, and virtue.

In that particular, the Greek woman had the infinite advantage of Roman Catholic women.

Let me now refer to a book by the late John Henry Newman, who struck the Church of England such a staggering blow, when he seceded from it; who was foiled by the Roman Curia in all of his praiseworthy efforts to establish in Ireland, a modern college, where a liberal education might be obtained.

The book is published under the name of "University Sketches:" naturally, therefore, the subject takes Cardinal Newman over the whole field of university education, ancient and modern.

In the fourth chapter, he treated of university life at Athens.

Before pronouncing his eulogy upon the system, he warns his readers that he does not intend "writing a panegyric of a heathen city."

He paints the picture of pagan Athens as it might have appeared to some chance visitor from a foreign land.

He fancies such a visitor as having procured lodgings for the night, and as going, the next morning, to discover such intellectual nourishment as the pagan city can furnish.

Let me quote Cardinal Newman's own words:

"He goes to the Parthenon to study the sculptures of Phidias; to the Temple of the Dioscuri, to see the paintings of Polygnotus. We, indeed, take our Sophocles or Aeschylus out of our coat pocket; but if our sojourner at Athens would understand how a tragic poet can write, he must betake himself to the theatre on the south, and see and hear the drama literally in action. Or let him go westward to the Agora, and

there he will hear Lysias, or Andosides, pleading, or Demosthenes haranguing. He goes further west still, along the shade of those noble planes (sycamores) which Simon had planted there; and he looks around him at the statues and porticos and vestibules, each by itself a work of genius and skill, enough to be the making of another city. He passes through the city gate, and then he is at the famous Ceramus; here are the tombs of the mighty dead; and here, we will suppose, is Pericles himself, the most elevated, the most thrilling of orators, converting a funeral oration over the slain into a philosophical panegyric of the living.

"Onward he proceeds still; and now he has come to that still more celebrated Academe which has bestowed its own name to universities down to this day; and there he sees a sight which will be graven on his memory till he dies."

Cardinal Newman then refers to the physical beauties of the place where the great teachers impart thoughts to young men and taught them how to think.

He proceeds:

"We have traced our student on his wanderings from the Acropolis to the Sacred Way; and now he is in the region of the schools."

The Cardinal here inludges in a comparison between these pagan schools and those of modern Christian Europe.

As usual, the comparison is odious. The Cardinal says:

"No awful arch, no window of many colored lights mark the several seats of learning; philosophy lives out of doors. No close atmosphere oppresses the brain or inflames the eyelid; no long session stiffens the limbs. Epicurus is reclining in his garden; Zeno looks like a divinity in his porch; the restless Aristotle, on the other side of the city, as if in antagonism to Plato, is walking his pupils off their legs in his Lyceum by the Illyssus. Our student has determined on entering himself as a disciple of Theophratus, a teacher of marvelous popularity who has brought together two thousand pupils from all parts of the world."

Cardinal Newman, after mentioning the fact that Athens, as a seat of learning, attracted students from all countries, states the well known fact, that a teacher in these pagan schools was not judged by his race or nationality, but by his ability and his faculty for imparting knowledge to young men, and developing all that was best in him.

Cardinal Newman makes this remarkable admission: "There was a brotherhood and citizenship of mind."

After describing the honors and the emoluments which were bestowed upon illustrious teachers at Athens, before the Roman conquest, the Cardinal proceeds to state:

"But in Roman times, the chairs of grammar, rhetoric and philosophy passed from the expulsion of the Pisistradæ when Pericles was able to call Athens 'the school-mistress of Greece.' * * * Wherever the Macedonian phalanx held its ground, thither came a colony of her philosophers; Asia Minor and Syria were covered with her schools, while in Alexandria her children, Theophrastus and Demetrius, became the life of the great literary undertakings which have immortalized the names of the Ptolemys."

Verschoyle, in his Greek Civilization, says—

"Education was considered of primary importance. The education of a Greek youth consisted of letters, music, and gymnastics."

This education was compulsory. (See page 141.)

"Attic culture was complete in its aims. Grammar, music, and gymnastics employed the young, and the aim of it was that they should become trained in exerting body and soul for worthy purposes, according to a regu-

lar discipline. Nowhere has the ideal of a free and universal culture been so keenly realized as at Athens in the days of Pericles.

Then it was that Athens became the intellectual capital and the artistic capital of Hellas. Never before or since has such a society of philosophers and poets, orators and historians bourished together. At Athens, the culture of all parts of Hellas met, and new light gleamed out from the contact of many minds. And so there grew out of all the acquisitions of the Hellenic intelect a universal culture, at once Attic and national."

Aristotle tells us that Solon made changes in the Athenian Constitution which "contributed to bring the government to the pure democracy it now is."

As every one knows, Aristotle flourished during the reigns of Philip of Macedon and Alexander the Great. (Say, 300 B. C.)

On the same page, he states that this "pure democracy" exercised the right to elect judges, and to *recall* public officials. The people, assembled in public meeting, also acted as the Supreme Court.

In other words, the pure democracy of Athens ruled the State, elected public servants, initiated legislation, repealed objectionable laws, punished officials, and acted as the court of last resort. (See Aristotle's "Government," page 76. Morley edition.)

This being so, it was not possible for the vulpine few to devour the many. We know how such a thing can come to pass in *a republic*, where the people do not act directly upon laws and officials.

The wolfish few buy the representatives of the people, and thus legalize the ways of the wolf. But nothing of that kind can be done in a pure democracy, where the people represent themselves.

Imprisonment for debt was abolished in Greece, 500 *years before Christ*. That was one of Solon's reforms.

The poor, the aged, and the children of soldiers slain in battle were all supported at public expense in Greece, 500 *years before the Christian era*.

Under the laws of Solon, hundreds of years before Christ, *the Greeks were in the fullest enjoyment of popular self-government*.

Ralph Waldo Emerson begins his tribute to Plato in these glowing words—

"Among secular books, Plato, only, is entitled to Omar's fanatical compliment to the Koran, when he said, '*Burn the libraries; for their value is in this book.*'

"These sentences contain the culture of nations: these are the corner-stone of schools: these are the fountain-head of literature.

"A discipline it is in logic, arithmetic, taste, symmetry, poetry, language, rhetoric, ontology, *morals*, and practical wisdom.

"There was never such a range of speculation.

"Out of Plato, come all things that are still written and debated among men of thought."

Emerson classed Plato as "*the Bible of the learned*, for 2,200 years."

"Calvinism is in his Phædo: *Christianity is in it*."

Speaking of the "Supreme Ordainer," Plato said—

"*He was good. * * * All things are for the sake of the good, and it is the cause of everything beautiful.*"

In "the United Editors' Encyclopedia and Dictionary," under the head of "Plato," (Volume 29) we read—

"The works of Plato were extensively studied by the (Roman) Church Fathers, one of whom joyfully recognizes in the great teacher of the Academy, the school-master who, in the fullness

of time was destined *to educate the heathen for Christ*, as Moses did the Jews."

Plato's morality and philosophy are of the loftiest type, and he was so tender of heart toward children that he condemned those misguided parents and nurses *who frightened the little ones with dreadful stories.*

Plato not only taught every modern principle of right living and good government, but *advocated compulsory education.*

As Emerson said, the most enlightened and humane of modern thinkers are yet moving within the sphere of Plato.

"The Greek Spirit," by Miss Kate Stephens, is a fascinating book, whose last paragraph reads—

"Hellas followed the fate of the incomparable and precious as of the most worthless civilizations. But the passion of her people for the True, Beautiful, Just; and their eternal meaning still burns in her broken marbles and in scattered fragments of her poets and other workers for her advance. Their remains are today the chiefest witness of the power of thought that our race-life has thus far known. For those searching for light, they are an illumination, and to those seeking the heroic and beautiful and rational, a possession for all time."

When unjustly banished, Aristides prayed to the gods that those who condemned him might never be compelled by danger or suffering to recall him.

Isn't that a return of good for evil? Isn't that a prayer for those who had despitefully used him?

When Phocion was cruelly sentenced to death by the Greeks, he exacted a promise from his son *not* to avenge him.

The plays of Euripides had displayed to the pagan world "the supreme beauty of the gentler virtues." (Lecky, Vol. I., p. 240.)

One of the altars to which multitudes of pagan Greeks flocked, to lay their offerings upon it, was dedicated to Mercy.

This altar, undefiled by image, symbol, and dogma, stood apart and alone: it was conspicuous and was honored beyond all others.

"It was venerated throughout all the ancient world as the first assertion among mankind of the supreme sanctity of Mercy." (Lecky, Vol. I., p. 241.)

As an authority, none ranks higher than Theodor Mommsen. Let us see what he says about the Roman civilization which immediately preceded the rise of the Christian Church.

On page 121 of Volume I., he begins an account of education in Gaul (France), where the Druids taught, not only the literary branches, but physics, metaphysics, *medicine and law.*

Tiberius suppressed the Druids; but education did not suffer by the change. The culture of Rome was forced upon Gaul, as upon other conquered provinces, and was soon eagerly received. When we are told, as all the authorities tell us, that Rome forcibly introduced her laws and her learning among all the barbarians whom she subdued, we are to understand that the Roman government established Roman courts and Roman schools.

On page 392, Volume I., Mommsen speaks of the public schools in Lydia; and states that there was an Inspector of Gymnastics, an Inspector of Schools, teachers of writing "*in order that all the free boys and girls might be instructed in writing.*"

There were teachers of music, of gymnastics, of boxing, of archery, and of spear-throwing.

The pupils in the literary schools were to be *examined, once a year*, in the town hall—that is, *publicly.* Here, then, we have, *in pagan Asia Minor*, a complete *public and free* system of mental and physical culture.

Epictetus, who rose from the condition of a slave to become one of the most honored and illustrious of philosophers, declared:

"The cynic should be a man devoting his entire life to the instruction of mankind.

"It is his mission to go among men as the ambassador of God, rebuking their frivolity, their cowardice, and their vice.

"He must stop the rich man in the market place. He must preach to the populace in the highway.

"He must look upon all men as his sons, and upon all women as his daughters.

"He must not marry, lest family ties interfere with his holy work.

"He must wear a mean garb, sleep upon the ground, feed upon the simplest food, abstain from all earthly pleasures, yet wear a pleasant expression upon his face.

"Ill treatment, exile, and death must have no terrors for him: and when he is beaten, he must love those who beat him, for he is at once the father and the brother of all men." (See Lecky, Vol. I., p. 328-9.)

Isn't that ideal practically the same as the ideal of the mendicant Romanist friar?

It would appear that the Roman church is unable to invent a higher standard than that of the pagan Stoic.

The friar who wears a mean garb, subsists upon alms, preaches in the market-place, and in the highway, denies himself a wife, and a hearth of his own, concentrating his energies upon his work as the ambassador of God, *is a survival of the Stoic preacher, missionary and fanatic.*

The Stoic-Cynic philosophers were the first that ever propagated a faith by evangelical preaching.

In pagan Rome, there was a temple dedicated to *Beneficence.* Marcus Aurelius was its founder.

And the very existence of the word "*philanthropia*" in the literature of pagan Greece carries overwhelming evidence of the pre-existence of the principle. There must have been the practise of philanthropy before the coining of the name for it.

In the ancient Roman poet, Statius, there is a very beautiful tribute to Clemency. (Lecky quotes it, in a marginal note to page 241 of his Volume II.)

The immortal pagan lawyer, Ulpian, declared—

"*By the law of Nature, all men are born free and equal.*"

It took the human race thousands of years to escape from the absolutism of popes and kings, and to get back to the glorious democratic principles of the most famous pagan lawyers.

Ernest Renan, a Member of the French Academy, was regarded as one of the profoundest scholars of modern times. I will quote a few sentences from his *Marcus-Aurelius.*

Page 13: "Public assistance, established by Nerva and Trajan, developed by Antoninus, reached, under Marcus-Aurelius, the highest point it had ever attained.

"The principle that the State has * * * *paternal duties to perform* towards its members * * * was proclaimed in the world, for the first time, in the second century."

State socialism, and State paternalism! Proclaimed by whom? The pagan Emperors!

Would to God that the Roman Catholic Hierarchy had not put that principle to death!

Pages 13 and 14: "The education of children in a liberal manner had become * * * one of the great preocupations of statesmen."

The learned Jew, Renan, then proceeds to state that public funds were placed in the hands of public officials to be used for the maintenance of public free schools.

By Marcus Aurelius "*a great number of endowments were created for the succor of the youth of both sexes.*"

Page 15: "The wants of *the poor child and the sick child* were assured. The tutelary Prætor was created *to give guarantees to the orphaned.*"

Page 16: "The son, the wife, the minor, were the objects of legislation at once intelligent and humane. The son was obliged to maintain his father, but ceased to be under his control." (That is, *after* the son attained his majority.)

"The father had duties toward his children—that is, duties prescribed by law.

The ancient Roman laws which gave the father the right of life and death over his child, were abolished." (Same page.)

Suetonius tells us about "The Eminent Grammarians," and "The Eminent Rhetoricians."

Who were these Eminent men? *They were school-teachers!* Suetonius devotes twenty-five pages to them, in his "Lives of the Cæsars."

These Roman school-masters often taught *free schools*, so that the poorest children could attend.

Other grammarians *left it to their scholars*, what tuition they should pay.

As to physical culture, there was the stadia, and various kinds of games and exercises.

So perfect was this system of development, that the Roman Soldier—as we are told by Gibbon in his "Decline and Fall"—was able to carry on the march, a weight of armor, rations, camp equipage, etc., that would crush the average man of modern times.

The Roman Catholic countries of the world, *today*, have no such system of mental and physical training, as that which made the Roman soldier the conqueror of the world; made her poets, historians and rhetoricians the models for future ages; made her law-givers the tutors of modern statesmen; and made her civil engineers and architects the builders of roads, bridges, aqueducts, and temples that are used by the subjects of a twentieth century pope.

Finally, the rights of childhood were recognized *in the sacredest rites of the pagan religion.*

Little boys *and girls* aided in the offering up of the sacrifice to the gods.

The modern Roman priests use (and sometimes *misuse*) little boys, in the service of the altar; the ancient Roman augur used (and did not misuse) both boys and girls. There exist, today, beautiful representations of these sacrificial ceremonies, in which the children are shown, *acting as fellow-officials*, with the pagan priests.

It was a girl, *not older than ten*, who was chosen to become the pagan nun—the Vestal Virgin.

When she appeared in public, she wore a white veil: everybody made way for her: if she chanced to meet a condemned criminal, he was at once set free: at public spectacles and games, she occupied a seat of honor.

Where such prestige was enjoyed by *some* girls, and where *the law forbade the execution of any virgin*—no matter what her crime—we would be wilfully blind if we did not recognize the Roman's profound respect for the innocence of childhood and maidenhood.

The deity of the Harvest was a woman. (Ceres.)

The heavenly personification of wit and wisdom was a woman. (Minerva.)

The divinities of birth, life and death, were women.

The deities of polite literature, were women.

The Graces were women; the guardians of the stream and the grove, were women.

Would the pagans have deified and worshipped Woman, if she had been "a slave?"

Would the pagans have built and maintained the most magnificent tem-

ples to Diana, *the goddess of Chastity*, if there was no adoration of that virtue, and of those who possessed it?

Their temple to Diana—at Ephesus—was one of the Seven Wonders of the Old World.

When Sappho, the Greek poetess, died, her contemporaries named her the Tenth Muse, and erected altars and temples in her honor.

When a Roman prince violated the chaste wife, Lucretia, the men of pagan Rome broke out into a furious insurrection, and expelled the reigning dynasty.

Not only did the pagan poet, Ovid, immortalize the matron who slew herself because she had been soiled, but Chaucer and Shakespeare were fascinated by the same virtuous type, and wrote of it in words that will never die.

In no literature save that of the Roman Catholic Church, is Lucretia made the subject of cruel sneers. "Saint" Augustine was one of the brutes who endeavored to cast obloquy upon the memory of the chaste pagan wife who refused to survive her honor.

The centurion, Virginius, kills his own lovely daughter, when there is no other way to save her honor from the lustful tyrant.

The Roman magistrate sternly sentences his own son, when his guilt is established.

And the motto of the Roman wife is the ever touching words—

"*Whithersoever thou goest, Caius, there I, Caia, go also.*"

Very often these noble wives refused to survive their husbands.

Among the men rose that splendid standard of patriotism which found expression in the Latin phrase—"It is sweet to die for one's country."

In that recent and profound work on "Rome," by M. A. R. Tuker and Hope Malleson, we find, on page 154:

"Since the day when Romulus called the Roman *curiae*, after thirty Sabine women had thrown themselves into the breach for the Romans, and had conferred on them special privileges, the Roman woman has played a dignified part in the hef of the city.

"As priestesses, the Vestals possessed privileges shared by none but the emperor; and the idea of the Roman matron, the wife *not 'in the hand'* of her husband, *was a Roman contribution to social ethics two thousand years before the idea occurred to Englishmen.*" (Italics mine.)

"There is nothing that antiquity has handed down to us more dignified than the seated female figure in the Roman museums.

"These views of women ceased, naturally, when Rome, which had been the greatest political, became the greatest *clerical city* in the world."

And why did the lofty pagan conception of Woman *cease*, when Rome became the greatest clerical city?

Because of the abominable papal idea, that Woman is "the door of hell," in that she brought "sin" into the world.

In Rome, the rich had to keep the masses contented. How?

By feeding the populace out of the public granaries, by providing them with magnincent free bathing establishments; and by erecting enormous amphitheatres, for chariot races, foot races, combats of wild beasts, and gladiatorial shows.

The Emperors knew *what the masses wanted*, and the Emperors gave it to them. That's all there is to it.

There was imprisonment for an *acknowledged* debt which the debtor couldn't or wouldn't pay; *but the debtor was free after he had worked out the debt.* But even this form of the abuse was abolished by a pagan Emperor, before there was any union of the Roman State with the Christian church.

The law of Roman civilization, is at the basis of a large portion of the legislation of today.

The literature of Rome occupies a place of the highest honor in the libraries of the modern world.

The patriotic virtues of the Romans, when the race was in its prime, shrinks from no comparison with any race or any age.

As all lawyers know, it was the accidental discovery of the old Roman code of the Emperor Justinian, which revived the study of the Civil Law in Europe. It was in this way that the legislation of the Romans gradually displaced Feudalism.

As every scholar knows, it was the revival of the studies of the literary masterpieces of Greece and Rome that inspired the Renaissance—that almost miraculous re-birth of elegant culture and independent thought, which broke upon the Middle Ages, a new Sun-rise! when the cowl of the ignorant, bestial, superstitious monk had almost completely extinguished the intellectual light of Europe.

Those Roman priests had darkened, debased and corrupted the human race, when it was rescued in part by the dead Greeks and the dead Romans.

Juvenal wrote—

"Oh, give me inborn worth!

"Dare to be just, firm to your word and faithful to your trust."

"In the eye of heaven, a wicked deed, *intended*, is done."

This was the identical thought of Christ when He spoke of the man who, *in his thought and desire*, had committed adultery.

Again, Juvenal wrote—

"Virtue alone is true nobility."

"The path to peace, is virtue."

Juvenal also speaks eloquently of the whip-cords of outraged *conscience;* and, like Epictetus, he nobly pleads for indulgent treatment of the slave.

Cicero said, "There never was a great man without an inspiration from on high."

Elsewhere he says, "*A sacred spirit dwells within us*, the observer and guardian of our good and evil deeds. *No man is good without God.*"

With similar sublime passages, I could easily fill a book—passages from Greek pagans, Roman pagans, Hindoo pagans, Assyrian pagans, attesting the well known fact that *good men have existed under every different kind of religion.*

(My authorities for the foregoing statements are the English translations of Juvenal, Seneca, Cicero, Persius, Marcus Aurelius, and Lecky's European Morals. They are obtainable through any book-dealer.)

(See, also, "The Emperor Hadrian," by Gregorovius, Editors' Encyclopedia, and Lecky's "European Morals.")

One of the cock-sure statements of the papist writers is, that the human race is indebted to the Roman church for the humanizing doctrine of universal brotherhood. This assertion is absurdly untrue.

The Stoic renounced the world, lived within himself, accepted the unavoidable with resignation, renounced ambition, discharged all the duties of life, considered himself the son of a good God, taught that one should respect "the lives of his fellow-man, even slaves, as they are all descended from God." (Gregorius, p. 287.)

"Stoicism may be comprised in the words, endure and renounce." (Ibid., p. 285.)

The Stoics believed in one supreme God, whose intelligence was directed exclusively towards everything supernatural.

Divinities of a second order busied themselves with the affairs of mortals.

A third grade of spirits (genii) moved around the earth and directed the acts of men. (See Gregorovius' "Hadrian." Page 287.)

In other words, *the Stoics found as little use for a God Almighty as the Roman Catholics do.*

The Roman Catholics have practically banished Jehovah, and are gradually displacing Jesus Christ, to make way for the worship of Cybele, the Mother of God.

The fact that the pagans called *their* Mother of God, *Cybele*, while the papists call theirs, *Mary*, doesn't make a bit of difference.

I can't help but wonder how many of our American dupes of the Italian Papacy realize that, *in worshipping a so-called Mother of God, they are aping the pagans.*

There is such a vast deal of popular misconception and misrepresentation on the subject, that I am sure you will pardon me for lingering, a little longer, upon that Old World *from which we have inherited all that we know, and all that we think; all that we fear, and all that we hope.*

Of its literature, let me briefly recapitulate:

(1.) The pagan historians became the tutors, the models of all writers of after years. Thucydides Xenophon, Tacitus, Cæsar, Livy, Horace, Sallust, and Virgil, are today the text-books of our schools of Higher Education, where no Roman Catholic compilation of fables about the "Saints," about miracles, and about the reappearance of "the most blessed Virgin," would be tolerated.

(2.) In poetry, the ancient pagan still leads the procession, with Homer, Sophocles, Anacreon, Aristophanes, Euripedes, Pindar, Eschylus at the head of the Immortals.

(3.) In philosophy, the pre-eminent names are those of the pagans—Pythagoras, Aristotle, Plato, Epictetus, Simonides, Marcus Aurelius, Cicero, Seneca, and Plutarch.

(4.) In legislation, modern Europe went to school to the pagan lawyers of old Rome. The Napoleonic Code owes its best provisions to the compilation of imperial laws that was prepared by Ulpian, Papinian, and their illustrious colleagues. The civil law of today is the lineal descendant of the pagan law.

(5.) In the practise of the medical science, the world has left the popes, the relics, the miracle, the exorcism, and the saint. The modern world has gone back to the common sense, natural methods of Hippocrates, and Galens, the pagans.

(6.) The world has repudiated the papal dogma that the earth is flat. We have adopted the pagan belief of Ptolemy that the earth is round.

(7.) We have scornfully rejected the papal theory of a stand-still earth and a daily-go-round sun.

We now accept the Zodiac of the pagan astronomers of Chaldea and Egypt.

(8.) We no longer denounce education, *as the popes did;* and we no longer burn, torture, or imprison the Roger Bacons, the Galileos, the Abelards, and the Brunos, whose genius leads them to go ahead of their times.

We now practise the liberalism which encouraged such pagans as Archimedes, Aesculapius, Pliny, and Hippocrates.

We now believe, as the pagan Seneca taught, that there can be no true happiness without virtue and wisdom.

One of Tennyson's most noble poems is an expression, in rhyme, of Seneca's chapter on "The Equality of Man."

Burns' thrilling stanzas, "A Man's *a Man*, for a' that," is a lyrical version of Seneca's words upon the same subject.

Not pedigree, not wealth makes *the man*: worth alone can make one better than another.

The scholarly compilers of "The Museum of Antiquity" say—in their article on Plato—

"Would that many so-called Christian legislators and Christian people

would go to this heathen philosopher and learn of him—learn that to do right is always and ever the highest safety, the highest expediency, the highest conservatism, the highest good."

Plato's tribute to the Beautiful—the beautiful in life, and in nature—is so exquisite, that the poet Shelly translated it into our language, where it glitters, a very star in our literary skies.

In "The Thoughts of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius," he thanks the gods that *from his mother* he inherited "piety, and *beneficence*."

In his 9th paragraph, he declares, that from Sextus he derived "a benevolent disposition."

In his 14th paragraph, the pagan Emperor says that, "From my brother Severus (I learned) to love my kin, and to love truth, and to love justice, * * * that there is the same law for all *with equal rights and equal freedom of speech*, and the idea of a kingly government *which respects most of all the freedom of the governed.*

"From him, I also derived *a disposition to do good*, and to give to others, readily."

Renan says, "Marcus Aurelius constituted himself in a fashion the tutor of all those who had none. The wants of the poor, and the sick child were assured."

Marcus Aurelius legislated in behalf of the slave, ameliorating his condition to a wonderful degree. *He also created a fund for the decent burial of the poor.*

In Lecky's "History of European Morals." (Volume I., p. 254) we are told that the charity of Marcus Aurelius embraced the whole of mankind.

"As an Antonine," said he, "my country is Rome: as a man, the world."

On page 82, of Volume II., Lecky asserts that, "Antoninus was accustomed to lend money to the poor at 4 per cent; and both he and Aurelius dedicated to the memory of their wives institutions for the support of girls."

On page 308 of Volume I., Lecky states, that Marcus Aurelius decreed that no rope-dancer should perform without a net, or mattress, stretched underneath, to prevent injury to the dancer in case of a fall. Lecky remarks that it is a curious fact that *no Christian nation has adopted this humane regulation.*

The great German historian, Theodor Mommsen, says, in his Introduction to his "Provinces of the Roman Empire," page 5—

* * * "If an angel of the Lord were to strike a balance whether the domain of Severus Antoninus was governed with the greater intelligence and the greater humanity at that time or at the present day, whether civilization, and national prosperity generally, have advanced since that time, or retrograded, it is very doubtful whether the decision would be in favor of the present."

As every reader of history knows, Gibbon expressed the same opinion.

The profound scholar, Ferdinand Gregorovius, says, in his "Hadrian," page 3:

"A spirit of humanity is diffused throughout the world that is changing so rapidly. Civil legislation becomes more philosophic and more humane. *The privileges of the aristocracy disappear.*

"The people, the slaves, the poor become objects for the care of the government.

"The barriers of the old theories of life *fall before the Stoic.*

"The conception of the nation widens in the Roman empire *into the conception of humanity.*"

(Italics mine.)

In Book Second of his great work, Gregorovius begins the first chapter thus—

"This age which has been called the

happiest period of human history, produced so great an impression by its high culture and by the majesty of the Roman empire, that Greeks and Roman described its splendors more eloquently than the philosophers of after days."

This, mind you, was a purely pagan empire, and a purely pagan civilization.

The *time* is, the first and second centuries after Christ, when the Christians are a despised, or a persecuted, or an ignorant sect.

In "The Age of the Antonines," W. W. Capes, M. A., begins his fifth chapter with—

"Plato had said that there could be no *perfect government* on earth until philosophy was seated on the throne. This fancy was to be realized in the person of the second of the Antonines."

It would be easy for me to put up witness after witness to establish the fact, that the pagan empire of the Second Century after Christ gave more prosperity, culture, humanity, and happiness to mankind than had ever been enjoyed before, or ever enjoyed since.

Those early martyrs died for Christianity—not for a pagan popery.

The persecution by Nero was almost certainly confined to one city, Rome. It was spasmodic, and did not cost any large number of lives.

The only general, persistent, and organized persecution of the Christians was under Diocletian, and his imperial colleague, Galerius.

The number of martyrs under this one determined and wide-spread persecution, was two thousand.

When the Christians split into sects and began to make savage war upon one another, as they did within a few years after Christ, they spread blood and carnage all over the Eastern provinces of the Roman Empire.

When the Roman Catholics set up the Inquisition in Italy, the Netherlands, and in Spain, they tortured to death, starved and burned more Christians in one year than the Roman emperors ever destroyed.

Torquemada, alone, burned at the stake as many Christians as perished in the one great persecution of pagan Rome.

Nero sewed up Christians in canvas sacks which were covered with pitch. Swift flames put the martyrs to death.

But Nero did not roast Christians over slow fires, as Roman Catholics afterwards did.

Nor did Nero construct terrible torture chambers, and fearful instruments of torture, to prolong and intensify to the utmost the agonies of the Christian martyrs—as Roman Catholics afterwards did throughout the European world.

It was a Roman Catholic King, Francis I., of France, who caused heretics to be suspended in chains, over the fire, and let down into the flames, then drawn up, and then let down again, until the shrieking victim *of opinion*, could shriek no more. Nero was a devil, *but he was not a Roman Catholic prince of the Dark Ages.*

He never, *as an Italian pope did*—offered a reward for *a new invention of torture*, to be used on people who differed from him about religion!

During the years when the civilization of the pagans was in its fullest flower, the Christians were on the increase.

They held to their simple ceremonial: the churches were independent little democracies. The officers were elected by the congregations. The bishops were equals.

There was no written Bible. Oral tradition and separate manuscripts handed down, from generation to generation, the history and the teachings of Christ.

The Christians had no houses of worship. They met in private dwell-

ings, or in secluded places at night.

They lived religiously, practising charity, and brotherly love.

They had all things in common, each one taking from the common stock according to his needs.

The slave heard the strange doctrine which made his soul as precious as any other.

The idle multitude gazed with awe at the fearless martyr going to his doom—a doom which he could escape by renouncing his Lord.

The hoarse cry of the gladiators as they went down to death, was—

"*Caesar! We who are to die, salute you!*"

But the Christians went to the lions with hymns and prayers on their lips: and from the blood of martyrs, the Church waxed strong.

Those were in the primitive days, of the first and second centuries—days before the bishops got control of the money and the power, ousting lay members from control, and preparing for the foul, destructive surrender to imperial paganism.

It was Numa who created the College of Cardinals and the Pontifex Maximus—the pagan pope.

It was Numa who created the first nunnery, the Vestal Virgins.

It was from the Romans that the Catholics borrowed the deification of dead men and women.

It was from the Romans that the Catholics appropriated patron saints, and statues which sweat, bleed and weep.

It was from the Romans that the Catholic priests stole the idea of having miraculous cures effected at holy places.

It was from the Romans that the Catholics borrowed the festival day, the street procession, the kissing of the pope's foot, and the erection of many altars.

It was from the Roman priests of Bacchus that Catholic priests took celibacy and the confessional—the one institution giving to the lustful priests what the other denies.

It was from the Greeks that the Catholic priests got the habit of turning bread into a God, and wine into God's blood.

In the foregoing pages, I have tried to picture ancient civilization as it actually was. To support that description, the very best witnesses have been called.

No lying human lip has been wholly trusted: no biased testimony has been brought into court. No! I have gone to enduring records, made by men who had no thought of the controversies of Posterity—men who graved in stone or upon metal, or upon Codes of law, or upon the nation's literature, or upon monumental structure, the sublime ideals of Pagan Philosophy.

In the remains disinterred from the cemeteries of that dead civilization; in the ghosts, as it were, that come forth from thence in the cerements of the tomb; in the crumbling temple, the mutilated statue, the worn and battered coin, the urn that held hallowed dust, once bathed in grief's bitter tears: the customs that would not die, the laws which defied the human race to forget—in the immortal literature which, like the survivors of the Flood, rode triumphantly across the desolating tides,—in these, the honest student finds the overwhelming proof of the splendors of the civilization which illuminated Antiquity.

What did the Roman Catholic priesthood do to it? In what manner did such monk-lovers as Theodoric extinguish the lights of such scholars as Boethius? By what means did *the superstition of the cell* put out the light of the Intelligence of *the Library?*

It is one of the saddest, blackest stories ever told.

In the name of God, everything was

done that a just and merciful God abhors. In the name of Christ, were committed the cruelest deeds that humanity ever suffered—the erring sinner that Christ died for being slaughtered, hideously, as a grateful offering to the Redeemer.

* * * * * * *

With the union of Church and State under the monster, Constantine the Great—the cold-blooded murderer of his own wife, his own son, and his nephews—began the dying away of pure Christianity. Under Gratian and Theodosius, the fatal work was consummated.

In Draper's "Intellectual Development of Europe," Vol. I., p. 311, he says:

"It was the aim of Constantine to make theology a branch of politics; it was the hope of every bishop in the Empire, to make politics a branch of theology. Already, however, it was apparent that the ecclesiastical party would, in the end, get the upper hand."

* * * * * * *

The destruction of classic literature at Rome, by Pope Gregory the Great, was a crime of such magnitude, which has been so strangely slurred over by most historians, that I quote at some length Draper's account of it:

"With more than Byzantine hatred, he detested human knowledge. His oft-expressed belief that the end of the world was at hand, was perpetually contradicted by his acts, which were ceaselessly directed to the foundation of a future papal empire. Under him was sanctified that mythological Christianity destined to become the religion of Europe for many subsequent centuries, and which adopted the adoration of the Virgin by images and pictures; the efficacy of the remains of martyrs, and relics; the stupendous miracles wrought at the shrines of saints; the perpetual interventions of angels and devils in sublunary affairs; the truth of legends far surpassing in romantic improbability the stories of Greek mythology; the localization of heaven a few miles above the air, and of hell in the bowels of the earth, with its portal in the crater of Lipari. Gregory himself was a sincere believer in miracles, ghosts, and the resurrection of many persons from the grave; but who, alas, had brought no tidings of the secret wonders of that land of deepest shade. He made these wild fancies the actual, the daily, the practical religion of Europe. Participating in the ecclesiastical hatred of human learning, and insisting on the maxim that 'Ignorance is the mother of devotion,' he expelled from Rome all mathematical studies, and burned the Palatine library founded by Augustus Cæsar. It was valuable for the many rare manuscripts it contained. He forbade the study of the classics, mutilated statues, and destroyed temples. He hated the very relics of classical genius; pursued with vindictive fanaticism the writings of Livy, against whom he was specially excited. It has truly been said that 'he was as inveterate an enemy to learning as ever lived;' that 'no lucid ray ever beamed on his superstitious soul.' He boasted that his own works were written without regard to the rules of grammar, and censured the crime of a priest who had taught on that subject. It was his aim to substitute for the heathen writings others which he thought less dangerous to orthodoxy; and so well did he succeed in rooting out of Italy her illustrious pagan authors, that when one of his successors, Paul I., sent to Pepin of France 'what books he could find,' they were 'an antiphonal grammar, and the works of Dionysius the Areopagite.' (Chap. 12, pp. 357-8.)"

The Strange and Tragic Fate of Mexico

CHAPTER V

AFTER the Conquest had been made complete, and the native population reduced to a system of slavery, which even yet exists, in the modified form of peonage, there was a long period of 300 years which offers no historical event worthy of particular mention.

But, if we would at all understand the nature of the various revolutions which have taken place, and that which is now in progress (June, 1915,) we must make a study of the oppressive conditions which the comparatively few Spaniards imposed upon the millions of Mexicans.

Sir Arthur Helps' voluminous work, "The Spanish Conquests in America," gives us, perhaps, the most satisfactory and accessible treatment of the subject.

"It is a misfortune that, with the exception of the Italian gentleman, Benzoni, we have no instance of an independent traveller going to the New World, and making his remarks upon the state of society in it. But if there had been such travellers, the aspects which the conquered country would have presented to them would have been various, and very difficult to understand.

They would have seen some Indians with marks on their faces, toiling at the mines; while other Indians, unbranded, and perhaps with their wives, were also engaged in the same unwelcome toil.

They would have noticed some Indians at work in domestic offices, in and about Spanish houses; other Indians employed in erecting public buildings, and monasteries; others working, in their rude, primitive way, upon their own plantations; others occupied in the new employment, to them, of tending cattle brought from Spain; others engaged in manufactories of silk and cotton; others reckoning with the king's officers, and involved in all the intricacies of minute accounts.

Everywhere, on all roads, tracks and bypaths, they would have seen Indians carrying burdens; and these travellers must have noticed the extraordinary fact that an activity in commerce, war, and public works, greater perhaps than that of Europe at the same time, was dependent, as regards transport, upon men instead of beasts of burden. Such a state of things the world had never seen before.

Then, across the path of these travellers would have moved a small, stern-looking body of Spaniards, fully armed, and followed by more thousands of Indians than the men in armor numbered hundreds—probably 5,000 Indians, and 300 Spaniards. These were about to make an *entrance*, into some unknown, or half-known adjacent country.

If the travellers, without attracting the attention of the conquerers, could have gained the oportunity of speaking a few words with any of the Indians engaged in these various ways, they would soon have heard narratives varying in a hundred particulars, but uniform in one respect, namely, that the Indians were all unwillingly engaged in working for alien masters.

Sir Arthur Helps quotes the soldier, Diego de Vargas Machuco, who confesses, with brutal frankness, that "the real difficulty of the Conquest was, *the division of the spoil.*"

How the land should be divided, and the Indians apportioned among the marauders, was the most embarrassing problem that confronted each of the

steel-armed Alexanders who subdued the men of the wooden sword.

The slave system in Mexico begins with the word *encomiendo*, which means, "a right conceded by royal bounty to well-deserving persons to receive and enjoy for themselves the tributes of Indians who should be assigned to them, with a charge of providing for the good of those Indians, in spiritual and temporal matters, and of inhabiting and defending the provinces where these *encomiendos* should be given to them."

If the Emperor of Germany should now grant to his Captains the right to make entrance into Darkest Africa, and to divide the lands into grand divisions, after having reduced the natives to subjection, and should authorize his Captains to enslave the negroes, for the good of their souls, we should have much the same proposition in morals that the *encomiendos* of the Emperor Charles V. presented to the sixteenth century.

Las Casas states, that among the Indians of Mexico, there was a class of serfs whose relation to the chiefs (or caciques) was about the same as that of vassal and lord under the European feudal system. A serf of the Indian tribe had his own house, his chattels, his plot of ground, his wife, and children; and he was a free man, save that at certain times the chief called on him for labor, which had to be done as a tribute, and without pay. This would seem to have been similar to the forced labor (corvee) of the French peasant, and the villein service in medieval England.

According to Las Casas, the Indian chiefs treated their serfs as relations, while the Christians treated their Indian slaves like dogs.

It would seem that among the tribes serfdom was one of the punishments for crime, for we are told that the slightest robbery was punished with slavery.

In times of famine, Indian parents sometimes sold their children to the chief for a small supply of food.

Like the ancient Germans, the Indians would stake their persons on a game of chance, and with the Mexicans this risk was taken on a game of ball. It is not difficult to believe this, for we know, as a mater of history, that a huge strip of territory in the present State of Georgia was staked, by the Cherokees, on a ball-game, played near the spot where now stands the town of Ball-Ground.

Let us picture to ourselves a tract of conquered land, containing several million acres, dotted with Indian villages, in which live the chiefs, and the free Indians, mingled with whom are a number of serfs who are held in the loose and kindly bonds of vassalage. The Spanish marauder obtains a grant of this small province, and its inhabitants. It becomes his *encomiendo*. He imposes a tribute upon the chiefs, payable in the products of the soil. To render this tribute annually to the Spaniard, the Indian chief has to put to work a larger number of vassals than formerly. To obtain these, he becomes more severe with the free men and children of the tribe, enslaving a man for a theft of ten ears of corn, and a child, for having been fed by the chief during a few months of its infancy.

Next, as the tribute becomes heavier, and harder to pay, the chiefs reduce to vassalage many free men of the tribe, and even the children of their own polygamous marriages.

(Helps, citing report to Charles V. Vol. III., p. 2, note.)

Under this system, all slaves were branded, at first by the private persons who owned the *encomiendos*, and afterwards (1528) by royal officers.

Under the *encomiendo*, soon grew up the *repartimiento*, which forced Indians to labor directly for the Spanish proprietors of the land.

During twenty weeks of the year, the Indian villages were obliged to send ten men out of every hundred: and, during the remainder of the year, two Indians for every hundred. This forced labor toiled in the mines, in the fields, and on such other works as the owner of *encomiendo* chose to order.

As Sir Arthur Helps asks, "What distance will these Indians be carried from their homes? Will there be a sufficient number left (at home) to provide for the sustenance of the native community? Will the population of those communities be maintained? How will it be managed, that the repartition should be fair? For, if otherwise, the same Indians may be sent, over and over again, and, in fact, be different in no respect from slaves. Then, again, these services are for tribute. Who is to assign the value of the services, or the rate of the tribute? Shall the tax be so many *pesos* for each Indian, or for each village?"

It is not clear what relation this forced labor, done for the Spaniards directly, bore to the service rendered to the chief by his vassals, in order that the chief might pay *his* tribute to the grantee of the *encomiendo*. It would seem that the village tax was one thing, and the personal tax was another; and that really the Indian community was doubly taxed. Either that was the case, or the Spaniards exceeded the moderate demand for ten serfs for every hundred Indians, or the labor was excessively severe, for the consequences of the system were appalling.

One of the monks, writing to the Emperor, says:

"Although my obscurity and lack of official position free me from any obligation to write to Your Highness, being only a simple monk, yet, because I know Your Highness, in virtue of your high office, is desirous of being informed of what goes on in this country, and also on account of the grief with which I see it, and its ruin, and also because the teachings of Christianity and the Order of St. Dominic command it, &c.

"To the present time, I have lived here ten years, and now there does not exist half, and in many things not a third, of what was formerly, *but all has been destroyed.*"

Speaking of the Indians pressed into service in the mines of Potosi, the Fray Domingo says: "The poor creatures die like masterless and neglected animals."

Father Motolinia, describing conditions at the mines in Mexico, says of the Indians:

"They came from seventy leagues and upwards, bringing provisions, and whatever was needful. And when they had arrived, the Spanish mine-masters would detain them for several days, to do some specific work, such as blasting a rock, or completing a building.

"The provisions they had brought for themselves were soon exhausted; and then the poor wretches had to starve, for no one would give them food, and they had no money to buy it.

"The result of this atrocity and mismanagement was, that some died on their way to the mines; some at the mines; some on their way back; some just after they had reached home.

"The number of deaths was so great, that the corpses bred pestilence: and, as to Guaxican mine, for half a league around it, and for a great part of the road to it, you could scarcely make a step except upon the dead bodies or the bones of men.

"*The birds of prey coming to feed upon these corpses darkened the sun.*"

(Motolinia's letter (1541) cited by Helps. Vol. III., p. 101.)

One of the royal officers, Quiroga, in writing to the Council in Spain, says of the Indian orphans—

"They are numerous as the stars of heaven, and the sands of the sea; an immense number of orphans, whose

fathers and mothers have perished in the mines, through the rigor of our Spaniards."

To supply the place of the extinct Indians of the West Indies, of Central America, and other parts of New Spain, the Emperor Charles V., in the year 1517, granted to the Governor de Bresa, Grand Master of the Royal household, the monopoly of importing 4,000 African negroes into the New World, to be sold into slavery.

This de Bresa is described by the Venetian Ambassador, Contarini, as being the favorite of Madame Margaret (wife of the Emperor), and as "a worthy, *religious*, prudent man, if a trifle narrow."

Thus we see a good Catholic begin the American trade, in African slaves, under a charter from a Catholic monarch, *two years before the landing of those much advertised blacks, at Jamestown, Virginia.*

(See, Helps: Vol. III., p. 148.)

De Bresa's monopoly was for eight years, but, in the year 1523, this religious gentleman was still enjoying such royal favor, that he secured another license to send another 4,000 negroes into the New World during the next eight years. So rapidly were Africans passed into the Indies, and so well did the climate suit them, that, in 1542, it was reported to the Council that the negroes of Cuba numbered from 25,000 to 30,000.

At that time, the native Indian race was almost entirely extinct.

In the long and blood-stained period of Spanish tyranny over the native races in the New World, it would be strange, indeed, if no benevolent priest ever befriended the enslaved people, and strove to ameliorate their condition.

Las Casas made a heroic fight for humanity and Christianity, but the greed and the ferocity of the gold-hunters were not to be controlled. The Emperor was too far away, and too much engrossed by European affairs, to second the better type of priest, even if the Royal policy had been earnestly on the side of lenient government.

The Emperor, and, after him, the Spanish Kings, needed money; and to them the countries of the New World were so many sources of revenue—so many layers of golden eggs. It was always possible for the Spanish grandees in Mexico to represent to the Spanish King, that the system of *encomiendos* was necessary to the annual Treasure ships, whose sailing from American ports was an event of such national importance, and whose safe anchorings in the ports of Spain were hailed with such national rejoicings.

Hence the slaves of the *encomiendos* had a few effective champions, as the peons who *now* toil under the burning sun of Yucatan, writhe under the lash, scream unheard by the outer world, and die under brutal blows, or intolerable burdens, and barbarities.

Less than one hundred and fifty Spanish land-kings in that torrid peninsular, own 150,000 natives—once the proprietors of the soil—and these Indians are driven to their daily toil; driven, *while* they toil; and driven back to their pens, *after* they toil, with a savagely exacting cruelty such as was never dreamed of by the imaginative author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Sir Arthur Helps was an apologist for Romanism, and he seemingly tries to make the impression, that the priests established at the convents a system of education for Indian children. The truth is, that in several places there were compassionate pastors who endeavored to teach Mexican youth the Catholic catechism, the Catholic chants, and the Catholic prayers. Beyond this, the schooling of the children of the poor did not seek to go.

In the New World, as in the Old, the Roman Church educated the sons of the rich and powerful, in order that Rome

might retain a mastery of their minds, and so rule the people; but no poor-schools ever gave a respectable education to the Catholic peasants of Ireland, England, Scotland, France, Spain, Portugal, Germany, and Italy, *until after the Reformation had thrown the Roman Catholic Church upon the competitive basis.*

It is only when Rome is menaced by Protestantism, that she opens the school-house; and even then her education dwarfs, rather than develops the brain of the young.

Knowing this to be true, we need not have any doubt as to what really happened in Mexico. The sons and daughters of Indian chiefs were brought up with convent teaching, so long as the influence of those chiefs was useful to Church and State, in bending the necks of the natives to the foreign yoke.

But in course of time, the chiefs themselves died out, or lost their possessions and influence, ceasing to be useful to the Spaniards.

When that change was complete, the chiefs disappeared, and all Indians looked alike to their masters. Consequently, all pretense of educating Indian children was abandoned. They were taught to come to confession, to attend services, to pay for gimcracks, and gew-gaws; to pay for marriage, christening, and burial; to make offerings to Saints and the Virgin—especially to the humbug picture of the Virgin, which a priest had painted at Guadaloupe.

They were taught to reverence the priest, and to tender him the choicest viands—and if he wished to live in concubinage with the Indian's pretty daughter, it was an honor to the parents to devote the girl in that way to the service of the "holy one of God."

(See, Helps. Vol. III., p. 139, note.)

In concluding his elaborate story of the Conquest, Sir Arthur Helps makes that memorable defense of the Roman Catholic conquerors, which is being constantly repeated by the Romanists of today—a defense which ought to make Satan laugh, and Gabriel weep.

It is, that the Roman Catholics did not kill *all* the Indians, as the Protestants of North America did!

In the whole range of enlightened literature, no such weird and grewsome defense of any *religious* system can be found.

As voiced by Helps, and by the Romanists who adopt the defense, it is to the eternal credit of Roman Catholic conquerors that they only exterminated about three-fourths of the native populations, and reserved the other fourth for hundreds of years of slavery.

It is not an inspiring theme—this of comparing one system of barbarous cruelty with another. I, for one, have nothing to say by way of justification for the inhuman manner the Indians were treated, from Massachusetts to Florida. On the contrary, I have written many a strong condemnation of it. But I have yet to see that the Roman Catholics of Maryland, Ohio, Indiana, California, Michigan, and Florida were one whit better than the Protestants—and all were shamefully below the standard of the Pennsylvania Quakers, as well as the original colonists of Georgia.

What became of the wild tribes in the French settlements of Canada? There the Jesuits entered a virgin field, and the Catholic conquerors had dominion of the most powerful Indian confederations. What became of those red men, in that Roman Catholic domain? They perished, just as the red men of New England, New York, and the Southern States perished.

The tribes of North America were not farmers, as were those of Mexico and South America. The Northern tribes were hunters and warriors, roaming from hunting ground to war path, and from battle field to hunting

ground. Their women weilded the hoe: the warrior disdained it. Therefore, he could not be reduced to slavery. Rather than take the lash, and live, a slave, he would defy his enemies with his dying breath, and die, a free man!

The Indians of Mexico were different. They were so, in the days of Cortez; and substantially what they were *then*, they are, *now*.

The Spanish conquerors having found that Indian labor could be made productive, ceased their wars of extermination, and systematized forced-servitude. After that, they deserved no more credit for not destroying profitable property, than they do for not exterminating their flocks and herds.

The Roman Catholic Confessional, the Open Door to Perdition

ANTHONY GAVIN was a Roman Catholic priest, of Saragossa, Spain, who abandoned popery, in 1714, and united with the Church of England in 1715. He published a book, named "A Master Key to Popery;" and the work contains a mass of fact and argument most valuable to those who honestly seek to know the inner, concealed horrors and atrocities of the Roman Catholic system.

In the Preface of his book, the ex-Priest Gavin introduces a testimonial from the Bishop of London (England) testifying in emphatic terms to the high standing and good character of the Spanish convert.

Let me quote what he says about the brothel of Roman Catholicism—the confessional box:

> Tho' a priest cannot be licensed, by the Canons of their church, to hear men's confessions till he is thirty years, nor to confess women till forty years of age, yet ordinarily he gets a dispensation from the bishop to whom his probity, secrecy, and sober conversation are represented by one of the diocesan examinators, his friend.... by that means he gets confessor's license. ....Some at three-and-twenty, not only for men, but for women's confessions. (Pp. 1-2.)

> The confessors do more mischief than good, especially to the ignorant people and young women; for perhaps they do not know what simple fornication is? What voluntary or involuntary pollution? What impure desire?....by the confessors indiscreet questions, the penitents do learn things of which they never had dreamed before, &c.
>
> A girl of ten years of age, coming from church, asked her mother what deflowering was? For the father confessor had asked her whether she was deflowered or not? And the mother, more discreet than the confessor, told the girl that the meaning was whether she took a delight in smelling flowers or not! (Pp. 5-6.)
>
> Most commonly they confess at the door of the chair, one after another; for thus, the confessor has opportunity of knowing the penitent, and though many gentlewomen, either out of bashfulness, or shame, or modesty, do endeavor to hide their faces with a fan or veil, notwithstanding all this they are known by the confessor, who, if curious, by crafty questions, brings them to tell him their names and houses, and this in the very act of confession, or else he examines their faces when the confession is over. (P. 7.)
>
> The first confession is of a young woman in Saragossa, whom I shall call Mary. And this I set down chiefly to show the common form of their confessing penitents. (N. B.—This extract being very voluminous, is much abridged.—Ed.)
>
> Con. How long is it since you confessed?

Mar. It is two years and two months.

C. Pray, do you know the Commandments of our Holy Mother, the Church?

M. Yea, Father.

C. Rehearse them. (She rehearses them and the sacraments.—Ed.)

C. Begin the confession, and I require of you, not to forget any circumstances of sin which may contribute to ease your conscence, and above all, I desire of you to lay aside all shame while you confess your sins.....

M. I do design to open my heart to you.

C. Begin, then, by the First Commandment.

M. I do confess, in this commandment, that I have not loved God above all things, for all my care these two years past was to please Don Francisco in whatever thing he did desire me.....

. . . . . .

The Sixth. "Thou Shalt Not Commit Fornication. (In the Romish version of the decalogue, the Fifth, Sixth and Seventh Commandments correspond with the Sixth, Seventh and Eighth, respectively, of the Anglican Table.—Ed. vide Master-Key, p. 8.)

In the first place, I do confess that I have unlawfully conversed with the said Don Francisco for two years, and this unlawful commerce has made me fall into many other sins.

C. Did he promise solemnly to marry you?

M. He did, but could not perform it while his father was alive.

C. Tell me from the beginning, to the day of his death, and to the best of your memory, your sinful thoughts, words, actions, nay your very dreams, about this matter.

M. We had the opportunity to talk with one another as often as we pleased. For two years we loved one another with innocence, but at last he discovered to me, one day, the great inclination he had for me—that his design was to marry me as soon as his father should die—I answered, I was ready to promise never to marry another during his life—he did promise and swear never to marry another during my life. And ever since we have lived with the familiarity of husband and wife.

C. How often did he visit you?

M. The first year he came to my room every night.

C. And the second year, did he visit you so often?

M. No, father.

C. Did any effect of these visits come to light?

M. It would, had I not been so barbarous as to prevent it, by a remedy I took.

C. And how could you get the remedy, there being a rigorous law against it?

M. The procuring it brought me into a yet wickeder life; for I was acquainted with a friar, a cousin of mine, who....one day....began to make love to me, and was going to take greater liberties than ever he had done before. I told him that if he could keep a secret, and do me a service, I would comply with his desire. He did promise to do it, upon the word of a priest.

Then I told him my business, and, the day after, he brought me the necessary medicine; and ever since I was freed from that uneasiness, I have lived the same course of life with my cousin; nay, as I was under such an obligation to him, I have ever since been obliged to allow him many other liberties in my house.

C. Are these other liberties he took in your house, sinful or not?

M. The liberties that I mean are, that he desired me to gratify his companion, too, several times, and to consent that my maid should satisfy his lusts, and not only this, but by desiring me to corrupt one of my friends, he has ruined her soul, for being in the same condition I was in before, I was obliged, out of fear, to furnish her with the same remedy, which produced the same effect.

C. But as to Don Francisco, pray tell me how often did he visit you since?

M. The second year he could not even see me in private but very seldom, and in a sacred place; for, having no opportunity at home nor abroad, I used to go to a little chapel out of the town; and having gained the hermit with money, we continued our commerce that way, for six or eight times, the second year.

C. Your sins are aggravated, both by the circumstances of the sacred place, and by your cousin being a priest, besides the two murders committed by you, one in yourself, and t'other in your friend .

Now, go on, if you have any more to say on this subject.

M. I have nothing else to say as to the commandment, but that I am heartily sorry for all these my misdoings. (Pp. 11-18.)

After this follow (a) "A Private Confession of a Woman to a Friar of the Dominican Order," &c.; (b) "A Private Confession of a Woman Thirty-three Years of Age:" (c) "A Private Confession of a Priest at the Point of Death;" (d) "A

Private Confession of a Nun," each one of which contains particulars with which it is equally unnecessary and repugnant to common decency to sully our pages.

A short summary, however, may be expedient.

(a The woman confesses that, at the age of sixteen, her father's house was entirely governed by a Franciscan friar; that, upon the almost simultaneous death of her parents, the property was left to the Father, including a sum in trust for the penitent; that the very first night, improper influence was exercised with complete success, and that habitual and almost common prostitution was the result.

(b) This woman confesses all sorts of lewdness, committed only with ecclesiastics; that she became procuress; and that she gave birth to a child by a friar, &c.

(c) A priest, just before death, having amassed a fortune of about 20,000 pistoles (his living being worth but 400 pistoles per annum), confesses that "My thoughts have been impure ever since I began to hear confessions;" that he has been the cause of sixty abortions; that he and five other parish priests kept a list of the handsomest women in his parish; and that, by diabolical persuasions, "they were always at our command." In his agony of remorse, he goes on to say—"I have spared no woman of my parish, and many other of my brethren's parishes; but I cannot tell the number. I have sixty nepotes (bastards) alive."

(d) A nun makes confession that "I have abandoned myself to all the sins I have been capable to commit;" that, being now pregnant, she is in fear of the penalty prescribed for the breach of the vow of chastity, and other miserable particulars.

Comment upon these cases would be superfluous; it is sufficient to say that in each case the practice of auricular confession is clearly indicated as the origin of these and even grosser horrors.

If, says our author (we give but the sense), a poor countryman goes to confess, as the father expects little or nothing in money, he corrects him bitterly and imposes a hard penance. If a collegian goes, he finds a mild confessor ;because if a collegian be used ill, he goes to a Deaf Friar, who absolves all sorts of things for a real, while the collegian will often circulate a lampoon against his severer guide.

(The term "Deaf Friar" is merely a cant term for certain easy Fathers, who were always to be found when wanted.)

I have been told by gentlemen of good sense, and serious in their conversation, that many priests and friars were procurers.....There is no doubt they know all the lewd women by auricular confession.

Here reasons of space, not want of matter, compel us to terminate our extracts from the "Master-Key of Popery," and to proceed at once to the consideration of other material.

Cramp's "Text-book of Popery" (pp. 235-6):

In 1556, the public voice of Spain accused certain priests of using the confessional for certain infamous purposes; and Paul IV., to put a stop to so infamous a scandal, ordered the Inquisition to investigate the matter.....An edict, published at Seville, in 1563, gave rise to such numerous denunciations that the records of the Holy Office were no longer able to receive them.....It took no less than one hundred and twenty days to register all the denunciations (most of the plaintiffs were females.—Ed.), but the Inquisitors, alarmed at the vast number of guilty persons, and the scandal which was occasioned, resolved to abandon their undertaking, and renounced the prosecution of the delinquents.....There were, in this vast crowd of females some very respectable persons, nay, some of illustrious birth. Ashamed of all that had taken place, they used to disguise themselves and muffle up their heads, in order to repair to the Inquisitors, for fear of being met and recognized by their husbands.

In a book lately issued by Mr. Boyd, the author gives in the original Latin (for decency forbids the translation) a Papal Bull of 1622, concerning the priests, who were abusing the confessional for immoral purposes.

The Bull in question is worthy of notice, for it exhibits a full knowledge on the part of the pope of the evil practices of the confessional, and it furnishes a revolting picture of the criminal ingenuity by which confessors contrive to effect their nefarious objects.

Can we have stronger evidence of the abuses of which the practice is susceptible than a solemn bull promulgated by the head of the church, who, above all others, was interested in the palliation or concealment of such enormities, had either been possible!

The apologist for Rome would fain, if he could, bring an accusation of Protestant or Liberal rancor against many of the statements necessarily embodied in this unpretending work. Can he refute an uncompromising condemnation emanating from an infallible source?

We have the testimony of Alphonsus Liguori, a canonized saint of the Church of Rome, that, in dealing with delicate (or, rather, indelicate) matters in confession, many priests have lost their own souls. Priests are but men, open to the dictates of passion in spite of their vows.

With regard to the moral aspect of the confessional, both Dr. Wylie and Bishop Jeune hesitate to decide (as it is a difficult question) which receives the most serious moral injury—the priest who hears, or the penitent who makes, confession. Dr. Wylie says:

There is no better school of wickedness on earth. History testifies that for every offender whom the confessional has reclaimed, it has hardened thousands: for one it may have saved, it has destroyed millions. And what must be the state of that one mind, the confessor's, into which is daily poured the accumulated filth and vice of a neighborhood? He cannot decline the dreadful office, although he were willing. He must be the depository of all the imagined and of all the acted wickedness around him. To him it all gravitates, as to its center. Every purpose of lust, every deed of vengeance, every piece of villainy, flows thither, forming a fresh contribution to the already fearful mass of known wickedness within him. This black and loathy mass he carries about with him. His bosom is a very sepulchre of rottenness and stench, "a closet, lock, and key of villainous secrets." Wherever he is, alone or in society, or at the altar, he is chained to a corpse. The rank effluvia of its putrescence compasses him like an atmosphere. Miserable doom! He cannot rid himself from the corruption that adheres to him. His efforts to fly from it are in vain.

"Which way I fly is hell! myself am hell!"

To his mind, we say, this mass of evil must ever be present, mingling with all his feelings, polluting all his duties, and tainting at their very spring, all his sympathies. How ghastly and foul must society appear to his eye, for to him all its secret wickedness is naked and open! His fellow-men are lepers, foul and loathsome, and he sniffs their horrid effluvia as he passes them. An angel could scarce discharge such an office without contamination; but it is altogether inconceivable how a man can discharge it and escape being a demon, etc.

Bishop Jeune's remarks, if less caustic, are no less weighty:

It is no "vague suspicion sown by the father of lies" (see Dr. Pusey's Sermon), as we are told that it is, that makes us look with repugnance upon a system which enabled Sanchez to produce his anatomy of vice, as loathsome, and as profound, as that evil spirit himself could have made it; upon a system which developed the casuistry of Escobar. If men who are represented as devout and austere, could gain such horrible experience, or so palliate crime in the confessional, it is no vague suspicion which makes us believe that priests, like those found even in Apostolic times, and too common in every religious body, "spots and blemishes," as St. Peter writes ,"having eyes full of adultery, and that cannot cease from sin, beguiling unstable souls, and having an heart exercised with covetous practices," must under their sacred character, be as successful in the destruction of souls as Satan himself, when he is transformed into an angel of light.....A confessor, of peculiar wisdom and purity, may give useful counsel without touching on dangerous topics; but to do this, he must often violate the rules of the Roman Church..... Confession destroys delicacy, it deadens shame, it quiets remorse, and so, takes away the strongest natural preventives of the first commission, or the recurrence of crime.

Speaking of the confession of married people, Liguori says: "It grieves me concerning this matter, which contains so much filthiness, as by its very name will disturb pure minds, to give a longer dissertation; but, oh that this subject were not so frequent as it is in confessions, that it would not behoove the confessor altogether to be fully, but only briefly instructed; besides, let the chaste reader pardon me if I speak largely, and enter into details which exhibit more unseemly ugliness."

The details he exhibits are so "ugly" that, if printed in full, an indictment would certainly lie against the publisher.

We can do little beyond indicating the subject matter of the work referred to; its

particulars could not be recited in the vernacular even by a man before his peers in sex and maturity of age. It is, however, our intention to show what this thing is in the Church of Rome, and what it must inevitably develop itself into in any other church without immediate and stringent antagonism.

(Americans! shall the sanctity of our homes be invaded? Shall the sisters, daughters, and wives of our land be exposed to the inroads of a church which insists upon secret confession as a part of her system?)

If public sympathy can be aroused, public support be secured by a movement for the abolition of the scientific vivisection of animals—in the name of legions past and present exposed to the scalpel of Rome or threatened with the bistoury of a spurious Church—we call for the imediate abolition of this Spiritual Vivisection of Human Beings.

We have hitherto shown principally the evils of the confessional as far as the confessor is concerned. With regard to its effects on the penitent, we quote from "Personal Experiences of Catholicism," the work of a lady. She says:

It was, doubtless, a dark page, in my experience, when first I knelt at the foot of a mortal to confess what should have been poured in the ear of God alone.

But a brief time before, it would forever have put to rest my longings after Romanism....The purity of mind and delicacy in which I had been nurtured had not prepared me for such an ordeal....One circumstance, especially, I will recall, which my fettered conscience persuaded me I was bound to name. Of its real nature, or the extent of evil associated with it, I had only vague ideas. My distress and terror doubtless made me less explicit than I otherwise might have been. The questioning it, however, elicited, and the ideas supplied by it, outraged my feelings to such an extent, that, forgetting all respect for my confessor, and careless even, at that moment, whether I received absolution or not, I exclaimed, "I can not say a word more," while the thought rushed into my mind, "all is true that their enemies say of them....For months past I had not made a good confession at all; and now, filled with remorse for my past sacrilegious sinfulness, I resolved upon making a general confession to the religeux alluded to, dating from the first time my confessions had become invalid; but this confession scrupulously exceeded everything I had hitherto encountered.

He told me some things were mortal sins which I had never imagined could be such, and threw so many fetters around my conscience, that a host of anxieties for my first general confession was awakened within me....But if that first confession had lacerated my feelings, what was it to this one! Words have no power, language no expression to characterize the emotions that worked it....

Never shall I forget the sensations, on one or two occasions, at that time.

Once, my confessor having been unexpectedly called away, I went to the church porch for air, while awaiting his return. How I gasped for some relief to my overwrought mind—the recollection, even now, is oppressive, but that was soon superseded by feelings still more painful, as he came with his unchanged smile and broad gaze to summon me back to my terrible task. I was desired to repeat over again what had most harrowed my feelings.

I replied that I had confessed it once already, and ventured some demur, when I was told in the most merciless manner, that if I had, he had forgotten it, and that the repetition of it would serve to humble me....I felt as if the words would choke me; I leaned against the confessional for support, but by promptings and suggestions, he at length gained his point. On rising from my knees, I was for a short period unable to stand; a kind of fallen and crushed feeling seemed to crush me physically and mentally. He smilingly attributed this to the length of time I had been kneeling, and commenced talking on the most indifferent subjects with as great coolness and freedom as though I had no cause for an unpleasant thought.

The question which, from its doubtlessly indelicate nature, this girl could not answer to her accustomed confessor, she was obliged afterwards to reply to in writing for the information of another priest.

In further continuation of this vitally important subject, we shall quote somewhat copiously from "The Confessional Unmasked: showing the Depravity of the Priesthood, the Immorality of the Confessional, and the questions put to Females in Confession, etc., etc. Being Extracts from the Theological Works used in Maynooth College (Ireland), and Sanctioned by the 'Sacred Congregation of Rites.'" In the Preface to this book, the editor points out that a large sum of money—

some £30,000 a year—is granted to the College at Maynooth by the British Government to assist in propagating the doctrines of Liguori, Dens, Bailly, De la Hogue, Cabassutius, and other writers in theological morals—doctrines, the nature of which the extracts will sufficiently indicate.

On the authority of Dr. Crotty, Principal of Maynooth College, we learn there are **hundreds** of other works having a large circulation, all treating upon these objectionable subjects.

This "Confessional Unmasked" was judicially denounced and rigidly suppressed, although it is but a verbatim reprint of **a portion only** of what forms a course of study for the "holy" priesthood, and though the following and other extracts were given **in the Latin original** as well as in translated form.

(Extracts.)

"On the Seal of Confession."

Q. What is the seal of Sacramental Confession?

A. It is the obligation or duty of concealing those things which are learned from Sacramental Confession. (P. Dens.)

Q. Can a case be given in which it is lawful to break the sacramental seal?

A. It can not; although the life or safety of a man depended thereon: or even the destruction of the Commonwealth. (P. Dens.)

This seal is an obligation of Divine right, most strict in every sense, **even where the safety of a whole nation would be at stake.** (A. Liguori.)

Q. What answer ought a confessor to give, when questioned, concerning a truth, which he knows, from Sacramental Confessional only?

A. He ought to answer that he **does not know it,** and, if **necessary, confirm** the same, with an oath. (P. Dens.)

Numerous instances, however, could be given in which, to suit their own purposes, or in the interests of the church, priests have not hesitated to break the seal of sacramental confession.

The following extracts on the subject of Matrimony are from their last Prayer-book, "The Crown of Jesus," published in 1862:

"It is also advisable, sometimes previous to their marriage, to inform their director of their intentions, so that he may have time and opportunity to point out to them the preparation most useful for them, and instruct them in the duties and obligations of the state of life into which they propose to enter." (These bachelor priests are to furnish those about to marry with religious instructions, concerning the conjugal act, which, when printed, are so lewd and vile, that even Judge Cockburn condemned them to be destroyed as too obscene to be read by any Englishman.)

The teachings of Rome on the Subject of Equivocation are very well worthy of study:

He who hath sworn that he would keep a secret, does not sin against his oath by revealing that secret, when he can not conceal it, without great loss to himself or to another, because the promise of secrecy does not appear to bind, unless, under this condition, **if it does not injure me.**

He who hath sworn to a Judge that he would speak what he knew, is not bound to reveal concealed things. The reason is manifest. (A. Liguori.)

Our Saint now proceeds to offer a few practical suggestions on Domestic Virtue, viz.: 1. How women may commit adultery with impunity and, 2. How they may afterwards deceive their husbands:

"It is asked whether an adultress can deny adultery to her husband, understanding that she can reveal it to him. She is able to assert equivocally, that she did not break the bond of matrimony, which truly remains :and if, **sacramentally, she confesed adultery, it was taken away.** Cardenas, however, here remarks, that she can not affirm it with an oath, because in asserting anything, the probability of a deed suffices, but in swearing, certainty is required. To this it is replied, that, in swearing **moral certainty suffices,** as we said above, which moral certainty of the remission of sin can, indeed, be had, when any, moraly well-disposed, receives the Sacrament of Penance."

Thus we see that a wife may use an oath to screen her own wickedness and deceive her husband.

The following extracts are from a letter addressed to the Lords Spiritual and Temporal by the Rev. A. S. Thelwall, Cambridge. The object of that letter was to exhibit by **unquestionable facts** the character of the **education** given at Maynooth.

"The candidates for the priesthood in this college are trained in a system of awful perjury; they are trained in a system

that opens the door for a violation of every oath that man can take to his fellow-creature. (See Bailly's Moral Theology.) The students are instructed in the principles of intolerance and persecution. (See Bailly.)"

Space will not permit us to give in full much of the valuable matter of "The Confessional Unmasked;" and yet to preserve what indispensably attaches to our subject we must alternate summarized paragraphs with occasional brief extracts verbatim.

No immorality of a priest is ever published by the church, but his want of tact in **concealing** it is punished, so that the church may be protected from scandal.

(See Dens, vol. VI., p. 295; De la Hogue, P@n, p. 302; Sacramentum Penitentiae, p. 418.)

If a lady appears modest, the confessor is instructed that that modesty of her's must be overcome, or else he is authorized to deny her absolution. (De la Hogue.)

The prudent confessor will endeavor, as much as possible, to induce his confidence, by kind words, and then proceed from **general to particular** questions—**from less to more shameful questions**; not beginning from external acts, but from thoughts, such as, "Has not the penitent been troubled with improper cogitations? Of what kind was the thought indulged? Did he (or she) experience any unlawful sensations? (Bailly.)...Prudent confessors are wont, and lay it down, as a rule, regularly to ask all betrothed young women, whether from occasion of their approaching marriage, there occurred to them any improper thoughts? Whether they permitted kisses and other greater liberties, because, perhaps, they thought that greater freedom were now allowed them? And since the young woman is more under the influence of modesty, we are wont for that reason to hear the betrothed husband's confession first, that she may afterwards more confidently reveal to the confessor what she knows to be known to him already.

The following is a faithful extract from the Moral Theology of the celebrated Peter Dens:

Are the married to be asked at any time about denying the marriage duty?

Answer. Yes; particularly the **women**, who, through ignorance or modesty, are sometimes silent on that sin; but the question is not to be put abruptly, but to be framed prudently: for instance, whether they have quarreled with their husbands —what was the nature of these quarrels —whether they did upon such occasions deny, &c.

In this maner, the confessor not only ferrets out the most secret acts of the married, but also ascertains whenever he chooses what is the peculiar mettle of the husband and disposition of the wife. Under direction of these priests, in case the husband is inclined to **heresy**, the wife is obliged to refuse, as long as the husband is contumacious.

The reader is referred to the long list of divines who have written elaborate treatises on these perplexing topics. Such matters appear to be more congenial to the tastes of Roman Catholic Saints (and their ritualistic imitators) than the purer subjects which generally occupy the attention of secular folk. In fact, the investigations conducted by priests with married men and women are much too filthy for translation. Now, in the very face of all this, what does the reader think of the fact that not only on the continent of Europe, but also in Great Britain (and in our own United States), in the full glare of the latter part of the nineteenth centruy, the above inquiries are made of any lady who goes to confession! Once let a woman admit of such questions as have been indicated, and she is no longer the pure, respect-commanding being we love to think her; **but** let her be exposed to the unutterable filth which defiles a great part of the questions allowably put, and her modesty must necessarily be so irretrievably ruined that she is no longer a fit companion of her sex. This is hard language, but **we have read** the questions; **which nothing should induce us to reprint, even in their original Latin.**

In the light of recent events in England, we have watched with anxiety for some decided published expression of opinion from one or more of our leading English writers. We had hoped that an evil so flagrant (and so flourishing in our own country, also), might have elicited a stern rebuke from such pens as were provoked into action by the Bulgarian atrocities (and the not yet very remote inauguration of the American Cardinalate). Our wish has not been gratified.

Where the emissaries of Rome are working to gain proselytes, we respect their zeal, while we detest their practice; but that a church founded upon the ashes of martyrs, cemented with reformer's blood, and sustained in plenteous means for good out of the Nation's substance—

that such a church should harbor those who endeavor to pervert its communicants, and to lead the very babes and sucklings into the confessional, demands the emphatic protest, and the immediate action, of all who care to preserve the precious attributes which have made the English-speaking name what it has been, is, and, by the help of Reason and Common Sense, what it ever shall be!

We feel that everything sacred is at stake, and that consequently the most strenuous efforts are necessary, not on the part of this or that man or party, but of all England (and America). We do not despair even of the willing co-operation of some of the seven hundred members of the "Society of the Holy Cross," for we can not believe that seven hundred English gentlemen, called to a high standing, could, at any period of our common English history, be found, who would join such an association under other than **mistaken** motives. An **insensible** progress from little to much—it is that which has so nearly made Romanists of many Anglican pastors—the intoxication of spiritual influence has doubtless misled others.

It is true the obnoxious Hand-book has now for some time been withdrawn. While this is in itself a significant fact (in so far as it is a deference to public opinion), when strictly examined, it is a **valueless** concession. The book is withdrawn—but the **principle** of **confession** REMAINS.

It is not against a **book** that we would direct our efforts—it is against the **lessons** it teaches, against the system of confession from beginning to end. If these remain in force, all remains.

In England, there are also other books, inculcating the same doctrines as "The Priest in Absolution." These (such as "Books for the Young No. 1," "Three Rules for Christian Life," "Pardon through the Precious Blood," &c.) were not confined to the use of the seven hundred Holy Cross Clergymen, but are now circulated in thousands among the children and young persons exposed to High Church influence. These books are **not** withdrawn—there is no talk of withdrawing them—and if we consider the fact that they are not emanations of the Holy Cross Society, alone, but are countenanced by the Ritualistic party generally, we think we indicate somewhat of the danger to be aprehended from a system which is so enormously developed, not only in England, but in our own country, and so insidiously grasping at power in the future through the acquisition of influence over the little children of today.

In fine, we see but one issue which can satisfy the English nation. Let the men who are receiving church pay at once conform to the strict letter of the church law, cutting away every excresence, or let them go over to the Church of Rome. Sensible Englishmen will not seek to detain them. They will even contemplate their secession with satisfaction. But on one point, we doubt not, all England will be firm, that they shall not be allowed to make a Romish Church of the English Establishment. (Shall they Romanize the Free Church of America?)

(We have hitherto treated the subject of Confession as a veritable institution of the Angelican and American Protestant Episcopal churches. We shall now call the attention of the readers to the very fountain-head of confession in all churches, and say a few words on its general history and manifest effects long before it cropped out as a "survival of savagery" or "reversion to a lower type" in modern Protestantism. In the year 1215, at the Twelfth General Council (fourth Lateran) of he Romish Church, auricular confession was for the first time authoritativel yenjoined upon the faithful of both sexes at least once a year. tThey were also commanded, under severe penalties in case of neglect, to receive the Eucharist at Easter, which was generally take nimmediately after confession. We further learn that the law, "to confess our sins at least once a year," was subsequently made one (the third) of the "six commandments of the Church," and placed upon a level with the "ten commandments of God."

The horrible disorders, seductions, adulteries, and abominations of every kind that have sprung from the practice of auricular confession, especially in Spain and other Popish countries, are familiar to all acquainted with the history of Rome for the last six centuries. The details of individual facts on this subject are hardly fit to meet the public eye, though multitudes of them might easily be cited, derived from the admissions of papists themselves, and from the numerous but ineffectual laws that have been passed by the Church itself to restrain the practice of **priestly solicitation** of females at confession.

This is the "sacrament" that is rampant today in our very midst!

Editorial Notes and Clippings

PRINTED by The Reformatory boys, "doing the best they can," is the explanatory line which appears below the title of a weekly paper, of Milledgeville, Georgia—the title being, *The Future Citizen.*

This unique sheet is "published promptly as often as possible."

You may find something to interest you in a few clippings taken from the latest issue:

The print shop boys yoked up the small steers (Governor and Star) to the little wagon, and hauled a load of light-wood, that was dug from the swimming pool. We also made a trip to the depot, to get the weekly supply. We loaded, and started back; but the steers balked, and refused to pull the load up the hills. We had the pleasure of testing our strength by shouldering up the load and carrying to the top of the hills for them.

Tillman Wyatt and Julian Dodd are hauling compost to the fields. Loy Satterfield, Arthur Schesscher, and Olga Reeves are hauling vetch seed and scattering them on the poor places in the fields.

We have been busy this week setting out our young plants, and they are looking fine.

Jim Hooks and Sam Buarn have been plowing the tomatoes, and they made a very nice job of it.

Our collard plants are growing fast, and looking fine, and we hope they will soon be large enough to eat.

Mr. Latham took a squad of boys and set out some potatoe plants this week, and we hope to set out some more soon.

We have plowed up most of our onions, and put them away for seed.

Three of the boys went to the garden and picked a mess of beans for the matron Tuesday.

The white and colored boys received a large sundown hat last week, and it was some job to number them.

We have not been making any shirts lately, for we have been busy making sheets for the sick boys' beds.

Arnold Butler, one of the sewing boys, is kept busy waiting on the sick boys, and he hasn't much time to sew. We all hope the boys will soon be well, so Arnold Butler can start back sewing.

We received a supply of soap last week.

The above paragraphs are original productions of the boys, Hank Stallings, Roy Brubaker, and Paul Yarbray. Then, there is this item, copied from the Paris (Tenn.) Post-Intelligencer:

Flowery and long is the wedding notice which the editor printeth. The minister getteth ten bones. The groom standeth the editor off for a twelve-month subscription.

All flesh is grass, and in time the wife is gathered into the silo. The minister getteth his bit. The editor printeth a death notice, two columns of obituary, three lodge notices, a cubit of poetry, and a card of thanks. And he forgetteth to read proof on the head, and the darned thing cometh out, "Gone to Her Last Roasting Place."

And all that are akin to the deceased jumpeth on the editor with exceeding great jumps. And they pulleth out their ads and cancelleth their subscriptions, and they swing their hammer unto the third and fourth generations.

The leading article of this number is by Edgar Lovvorn:

The war is taking its toll, and Elbert Hubbard is one of the victims. He dies, but his memory lives. The sun shines all day, performing its function of giving light to the world, and at night sinks beyond the horizon, its work done; but the golden glow of the western sky reveals the works and deeds of the day, long after the sun is gone. So with Elbert Hubbard; he has lived his life, and is dead, but his soul, his heart, and his works, and the sunshine of his life, live after him. That plain, simple-minded man, father to the fatherless, friend to the friendless, help to the helpless, wrote from his soul as well as from his mind, and the gems in his writings will transmit that radiant life to those who read and study his works. He stood for life and laughter, and a man when worried out, tired of life, and down on himself and humanity, could do no better than

to read a chapter from Elbert Hubbard, get in tune with nature, and be himself again.

Industry had no better friend than Elbert Hubbard; he was a business man, and a friend of business men. He was a writer, a farmer, a teacher, and a leader of men. He taught men to do as they should, by leading them in the way they should go. He taught men through his two magazines, to the pleasure and

THE POPE'S ST. BARTHOLOMEW MEDAL—THE CROSS OF CHRIST IN ONE HAND AND THE SWORD OF THE DEVIL IN THE OTHER.

the happines in a life of real service to humanity, and to know why men live.

This disinterested tribute, printed in the paper of The Reformatory boys of Georgia, is the finest eulogy of the dead philosopher and author that I have seen.

If I am not mistaken, the world had come to regard Elbert Hubbard as a man who rather cultivated the odd and the whimsical; who borrowed ideas from every thinker, living and dead; who did not stand and fight for any great purpose; and who was not really the deep, learned man he posed for—and that he had written himself out.

While there is a sparkle of style about his "Little Journeys," especially the first volume, they do not possess original, permanent merit.

The elusive but extremely actual thing which is called "the breath of life," is not in Hubbard's literary work. He belonged rather to the class of entertainers, reproducers, and imitators, than to the class of creative thinkers.

Hubbard never changed a current of opinion—he went with the stream. He never inspired a movement, giving it force and definite object—he merely

followed the movements of others, and cast hooks in places where other fishermen had had good luck.

This is said in no unkindness, much as I deplored his defense of Standard Oil methods, and the bitter injustice of his attack upon those of us who have been trying to arouse this country to the deadly menace of Romanism.

Rev. D. S. Phelan is a courageous, educated Irishman, who edits The Western Watchman, St. Louis, Mo. He is not only a Catholic, but a papist, and he is not only a papist, but an ultramontane.

He believes that the Protestant religion should be suppressed by force, and he says so.

He believes that the pope did well to jubilate, and have medals struck, and pictures painted, in glorification of the murder of men, women, and babes, in the Massacre of St. Batholomew—and he says so.

He believes that the Italian church has the same right to kill a man for being a heretic, as the State has to kill him for being a murderer—and he says so.

This goes to prove what a soft-hearted old man-of-Christ this devout Phelan is.

He preaches a written sermon every week, and then uplifts mankind by publishing it, in his paper. The latest of these sermons deals with the Lord's Supper, which, among the Protestants, still remains a bread-and-wine celebration, such as the Roman Catholics practised for a thousand years after Christ.

But the Romanists have forgotten all about the Supper, and they have changed the commemorative celebration into what they term, the *Sacrifice* of the Mass.

This *sacrifice* consists of swallowing bits of a substance which looks like flakes of wafer, but which *faith* says are bits of the corporeal body of Christ. While the laity swallow what looks like bread, the priest drinks what looks like wine, but which really is Christ's blood, made so by several Latin words the priest spoke to it at the altar.

The priests say that they compel Christ to leave heaven, and come down to the churches—ten thousand Christs simultaneously in ten thousand Catholic churches—in order that they may offer up Christ again as a sacrifice to his Father—ten thousands of ten thousands of times!

As the Rev. D. S. Phelan preached this blasphemous, pagan doctrine more rawly than American priests have been in the habit of doing, I will quote his exact language, as it appears in The Western Watchman, of June 10, 1915:

> The church is made for sinners, not angels. I never invite an angel down from Heaven to hear Mass here. This is not the place for angels. The only person in Heaven I ever ask to come down here, is Jesus Christ, and **Him I command to come down. He has to come when I bid Him.** I took bread in my fingers this morning, and I **said:** "This is the body and blood of Jesus Christ," and **He had to come down.** That is one of the things he must do. **He must come down every time I say mass, at my bidding,** because He made me a priest, and said: "Do you this in memory of Me." I do it in obedience, I do it in reverence, I do it in homage, I do it in adoration; but I do it, **and when I do it,** CHRIST MUST OBEY.

Did you ever read anything as silly, as un-Scriptural, as blasphemous?

"*Him I COMMAND TO come down. He HAS TO COME when I bid Him!*"

The conception of Almighty God, acting in obedience to the *commands* of mortal men, is assuredly the most utterly dumbfounding idea that ever entered the brain of a religious fanatic. It was hatched in one of the monkish cells of the Dark Ages, where a filthy old ignoramus brooded and brooded over the words, "This is my body," until he dreamed himself into

the belief that the living Christ meant, that the Passover loaf in his hands was his own corporeal substance. The half-crazed hermit probably had no complete Bible; and, therefore, was ignorant of the fact that in the sixth chapter of John, Christ speaks *eleven times* of himself *as the bread of angels that came down from heaven to give life to the world.*

But Phelan knows of the sixth chapter of John, and he knows of other places where Christ calls himself a lamb, a vine, a shepherd, &c.; and Phelan knows that the whole Bible, an oriental book, is full of oriental imagery, reflecting the Eastern habit of speech. Yet he can stultify his robust common sense, and debase his audience, by compelling the poor dupes to accept his asinine vulgarity about commanding God to leave the Great White Throne, and descend into the church at St. Louis!

"When I do it, Christ must obey!"

Pah! It is enough to disgust a drunken Zulu.

But that sort of priestly drivel is not more shocking to common reason, than such letters as the following, printed in Romanist magazines, some in New York, and some in New Jersey:

N—— Y——.

Dear Mother:

Some time ago, I asked for your prayers, and for the prayers of all the Sisters, blind and orphans. **I had lost a trunk** on coming from the West, and had given up all hopes of ever recovering it. Then I thought I would have recourse to St. Anthony. I sent a small donation for bread to your Home, and promised if my request were granted I would have it published in the Orphans' Messenger. Two days after this, I received a letter, notifying me that **my trunk was at the pier.** Thanks to the dear Sacred Heart, St. Joseph and St. Anthony, to whom I always have recourse in my every trial.

My sincere **thanks to St. Rita** and the Poor Souls, **for returning keys** which had been lost. I wish to spread devotion to St. Rita. All who are in need should invoke her, the "Advocate of the Impossible."—E. E. Reader.

On January 1st, a lady wrote: "Last September, when I requested a novena made for me, there was a cancer growing in my nose. After making an act of submission to the will of God, **I consecrated myself to Our Blessed Lady of Victory,** and joined in the novena. In the latter part of October, the cancer came out, so it was truly a miraculous cure. **My physician pronounced me cured,** about two weeks ago. I thank you, Father, for making the novena, and am most grateful to God, and **Our Blessed Lady.**"

So the good old lady had two doctors, one on earth, and one in Heaven: the cancer had no chance.

From a solicitor: "Enclosed find $5.00 from a young man **who was in serious law trouble.** I attended the trial and made myself acquainted with the young man, for I thought he was in the right. He is not a Catholic, but **I offered him a medal of Our Blessed Lady of Victory,** asking him to keep it with him, and trust in her, and to promise a little offering for the poor children, should he be freed. He gladly did so, and in four days **the verdict was 'not guilty.'** Please publish this, to encourage all in trouble to ask Our Lady's help."

The defendant in this case had two lawyers, one on earth, and the other in Heaven. No wonder the State lost.

But, suppose the Solicitor-General had had the miraculous medal, and the defendant had been without one!

"Heartfelt thanks are returned to Our Lady of Victory for the successful termination of **a libel case,** and the vindication by the Supreme Court of the good name of our Community."—Benedictine Sisters, Mt. Angel, Oreg.

This, you see, was that law-suit against the Silverton Journal, which published Mary Lasenan's affidavit.

Mary told the same story on the Mt. Angel Convent that every other escaped nun has told on the cloistered nunneries.

In the June number of this magazine, I quoted what Pope Gregory said

and wrote about these cesspools, where the priests cohabit with nuns.

The pope himself said that these wicked fornicators destroyed their own offspring, as soon as the babes were born.

I have challenged Gibbons, O'Connell, Farley, Quigley, Blenk, Schrembs, Phelan & Co., to reply to the terrible charges made against the cloistered nunneries by their greatest pope.

They *can not* reply: they *dare not* try!

William Hogan, the ex-priest, who was chaplain to the New York Legislature, and a graduate from the Romanist Maynooth College, made the same charges against the New York priests and nuns, that the great Hildebrand (Pope Gregory VII.) made in his time, which Erasmus made three centuries later, which Blanco White made in the nineteenth century, and which so many ex-monks (like Bishop Ferrando) are making in this twentieth century.

But in the Oregon case, the all-important witness, Mary Lasenan, appears to have been hid out, somehow, at the time of the trial; and so the Protestant paper could not make good its charges.

But we understand it all now. According to the Sisters, they had the help of the Queen of the Heavens!

She's a famous verdict getter—is the Queen.

The Romanists have a miraculous bone at the cathedral in New York, and make big money out of it, every year; but when some other swindler comes along, and begins to sell "luck stones," as Captain Rand, of Boston, did, the Catholic police run him in, and the Catholic magistrate fines him.

It makes all the difference in the world whose bone, or stone, it is. If it is Rome's bone, the Law and the P. O. Department smile and do nothing.

If it is not Rome's bone, the Law and the P. O. Department get very busy, indeed.

The bachelor state of the Roman Catholic priests prompts such advertisements as the following:

> Situation as housekeeper in priest's house, by reliable, experienced maiden lady, 35 years of age; a situation in a small town preferred. Address M. S., care Pittsburg Observer.

Why did the coy lady think it necessary to mention her age? Women are not prone to do that. And 35 is an age at which a bachelor priest might feel fairly assured that his house-mate would be discreet, and would not give rise to "scandal."

The New World is Archbishop Quigley's organ: it advertises—

> VINUM DE VITE ALTAR WINES.
> We also specialize in Imported Olive Oils and Choice Cigars.
> RICHILIEU WINE CO.
> P. H. Heffron, Pres.
> Telephones Central 2287-2420.
> 9 West Randolph Street,

The Chicago priests can, of course, exercise as much authority over their God as the St. Louis Paddies do; and, therefore, when Quigley, or any of his lesser prelates, go to the Richelieu Wine Co., and buy some of that *Vinum de Vite* altar wine, they take a bottle of it to church, talk Latin to it, and "command" God to come down from heaven, and enter that bottle of Wine of Life.

As Phelan said, so can Quigley say,

"Him (Christ) I *command* to come down.

"He *has to come*, *WHEN I BID HIM.*

He *must* come down, *AT MY BIDDING*, every time I say mass."

That is exactly the Romanist position, as to the Last Supper, of which Christ said, "eat (this bread) in remembrance of me."

He ought to have said, according to Romanism—

"Eat *me*, and continue to eat me, to the end of time; and whenever the clergy shall call me down from heaven, I will obey their commands, and will appear on ten thousand altars, in ten thousand different places, at the same time.

"Inasmuch as the Roman Church somewhere will, in future, be always calling for me to come down to earth, I will—a thousand years hence—spend all my days in Catholic churches, in obedience to the bidding of Roman priests, returning to Heaven for a few hours each night.

"Not only will the tens of thousands of Roman priests keep me on their altars, in thousands of different places, but they will confine my body inside the little cup-board which they unctiously name the 'tabernacle,' and I will be perpetually in tens of thousands of tabernacles, in tens of thousands of different places.

"To the remotest generations, the Roman Catholics, passing the church in which the priests have me under lock and key, will reverently lift their hats, because of my presence inside the little cupboard."

If Christ had said precisely *that* to the Disciples while they were eating the Jewish loaf, and drinking the Jewish wine, he would have stated the modern Romanist doctrine of the Eucharist—by far the craziest notion that was ever propagated outside of Bedlam.

(From the Chicago Evening Post.)

"A robber and a plunderer of unarmed vessels," they called Admiral Semmes, commander of the Alabama, during the Civil War. We wonder what they would call him now. Probably Von Tirpitz would laugh at him as a sentimentalist and a mollycoddle. In twenty-two months Semmes boarded 386 vessels, sank 52 and took 2000 men off enemy ships. In this long career of naval warfare not a single non-combatant or neutral life was sacrificed. All enemy ships carrying non-contraband cargoes and all passenger vessels with women and children on board were released by Semmes. His conduct was positively soft-hearted. In the light of modern submarine methods Semmes merely played at war. "Robber and plunderer," indeed. He was a tender and chivalrous gentleman.

From Bishop Canevin's Pittsburg organ, The Observer, I take the following advertisements, which please read and consider:

WANTED—Men and Women, 18 or over, for Government Jobs. $75 month. Vacation. Short hours. Pleasant work. Pull unnecessary. Common education sufficient. Write immediately for list of positions now obtainable and free sample examination questions. Franklin Institute, Dept. T 203, Rochester, N. Y.

WANTED!

High grade State Managers to sell Celeste Community Orchards. Must be Catholics of unquestionable standing. Good organizers and capable of producing results. Liberal commission and exclusive territory. Exceptional opportunity for "Live Wires." Local representatives also wanted. Gulf Coast Fruit Farms Company, Box 753, Mobile, Alabama.

FLORIDA.

To Catholics contemplating a home in Florida, San Antonio offers the following inducements: The only Catholic Colony in Florida with Church and resident pastor; a Council of Knights of Columbus; College for boys conducted by the Benedictine Fathers; Academy for girls taught by the Sisters, who also teach our public schools. Good orange, grape fruit, vegetable and general farming lands for sale. For further aprticulars, address, John S. Flanagan, San Antonio, Pasco Co., Florida.

GOOD FARMS FOR CATHOLICS AT WILLHELMINA!
South East Missouri.

The land for Catholics—Church, School and Resident Priest. The land that produces and never fails. A pleasant and healthy climate. A new Cetholic colony, under the patronage of Most Rev. John J. Glennon, Archbishop of Saint Louis.

The first of these advertisements will explain to you how systematically the Romanists have gone about the capturing of Government jobs. They have a college which teaches Romanists how

to answer the Civil Service questions; and their lobbyists in Washington give them inside information as to the questions. Then, as the Romanists control the Departments, they can easily railroad the graduates of the Rochester College into the Government service.

They have been doing this, on the sly, for many years, and the Protestants have never caught on to it.

The second advertisement *shows the K. of C. oath in operation; none but Catholics are to be employed by Catholics*, if it can be helped.

The two last ads. show the systematic work of the Leopold Foundation, and the Catholic Colonization Society.

They are herding their European immigrants into separate corrals, with a priest on horseback, lariat in hand, to rope such wanderers as may be be inclined to leave the Reservation.

(This Leopold Foundation is fully explained in "The House of Hapsburg," now ready. See notice in advertising section.)

In its issue of the 7th December, the "Semaine Religieuse," of Perigueux, in an article entitled "The Pope Has Wept," one reads the following strange lines:

"The pope, in our estimation, is a sacrament; that is to say, Jesus incarnate anew; and living in the heart of His Church to keep it, and to guide it.

"'I am with thee, Peter, to the end of time;' this was said by Jesus. Equally affirmative, why should it not have the same effect as the formula of the eucharistic consecration, 'This is My body?'

"So, then, when the pope weeps, his tears are the tears likewise of Jesus."

The above clipping, which is a translation from the Paris newspaper, *Le Matin*, has gone the rounds of the American foot-kissing press, and is the same blasphemous doctrine that was republished in *Eternal Light*, some weeks ago.

(See Watson's for May, page 18.)

Coupling this Romanist belief with their idea of the Eucharist, we have at least a dual Christ, as well as a Triune God. If the pope is Christ, what is it that "comes down," when Phelan & Co. command Him to enter the bread and wine?

When Phelan & Co. are drinking Christ's blood, and the kneelers are eating Christ's body, how does that cannibal feast affect the Christ who eats bread and drinks wine in the Vatican?

Senator Ransdell's *Truth* magazine implores me to renew my subscription. The Louisiana Senator's organ tugs at my heart, and my purse, with the following appeal:

Dear and Kind Subscriber:

I know **you are busy with your many cares**, but please forgive us for sending this second letter of appeal asking you to renew your subscription to Truth, which has already expired.

Our former letter may have been lost or put aside for the moment.

We sincerely hope that this letter will reach you and you will encourage us by sending your subscription for another year.

Our late Holy Father, Pope Pius Tenth, once declared that he would make any sacrifice, **even the pawning his ring, pectorial cross and cassock**, in order to support a Catholic paper.

As a reader of Truth, you doubtless realize the necessity of supporting our work, because at the present time in the United States no institution, human or divine, is more exposed to vituperation and calumny than the Catholic Church.

Today it is Our Holy Religion **or a noble priest who has been defamed**; tomorrow, a missionary priest who implores a supply of pamphlets; again, some poor, isolated Catholic family who requests Catholic literature, or a non-Catholic who is seeking information on Catholic Doctrine; all these requests, which we supply gratis, draw heavily on our limited resources.

The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is offered up weekly for your Spiritual and Temporal welfare.

Immediately on receipt of your subscription at this office, we will mail to your address the Pardon Crucifix, in appreciation for your kindness in renewing your subscription.

Therefore, dear friend, praying every blessing on you and family, anxiously awaiting your reply, I beg to remain,
Yours sincerely in Christ,
WM. F. McGINNIS,
Reverend Editor.

Yes, I am, indeed, busy with many cares, one of which is to keep from going to jail, for *reprinting* a part of one of the pope's religious books.

No matter what the late Holy Father may have said about pawning his ring, his cross, and his cassock, he did not mean it. The Holy Father is like a thirsty desert: ducats may flow in, but none flow out.

"The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is offered up weekly for your Spiritual and Temporal welfare."

This is hard for me to believe. If that is so, why did they have me indicted for republishing a portion of one of Papa's books?

And does Phelan & Co. command Christ to come down into the wafer, and the wine, in order that he may be used as a premium on subscriptions to Senator Joe Ransdell's magazine?

The reverend editor, Wm. F. McGinnis, assures me, that if I send my renewal ($2.00) for the Senator's periodical, a Pardon Crucifix will also be sent to me, as an additional bonus.

Thus, for the ridiculously small sum of two plunks, I get the Senator's monthly magazine—which is about as big, but not so good as mine—and I have the priests ordering Christ "to come down" upon the altar once a week, for twelve months; and I also get a Pardon Crucifix, which will no doubt cause the Knights of Columbus to prevail on Uncle Sam to squash that second indictment they got against me.

Daddy McGinnis never will hit the nail on the head more squarely, than when he said that many "a noble priest" is being "defamed." Those noble men are pursued vituperously, in a truly shocking and scandalous manner. For instance, there was Cardinal O'Connell's priest, Petrarca, who, according to the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, seized a Catholic woman at the altar rail, dragged her into his sacristy, and raped her.

Then, there was Holtsgreve, of Iberville, Louisiana, who was indicted for sodomy, and who fled to another pasture, and who died, a few days ago, and was buried with the highest honors of the Roman Catholic Church.

There was a noble priest, at Pensacola, Florida, and his name it was Francis Doyle; and Francis got so very gay with the cards, and the red liquor, that the police gathered him in; but he was bailed out, and, like Holtsgreve, he vanished from Dixie, and is, no doubt, enjoying himself in a fresh meadow, where the grass is just as green.

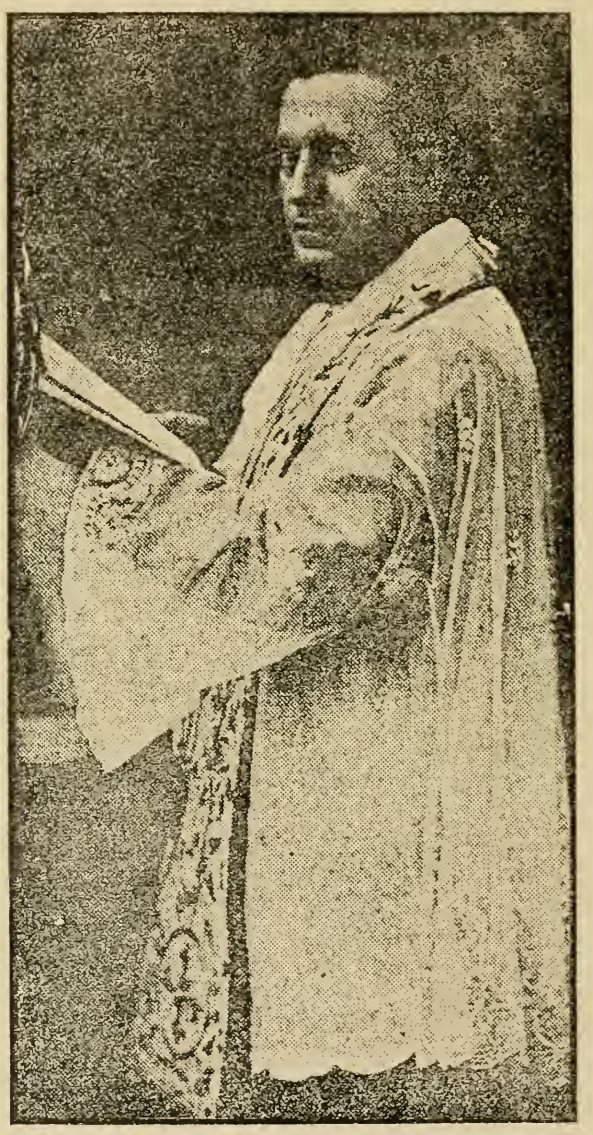
There was a noble priest who lived at Savannah, Georgia, and his name it was Schadewell; and it so happened that a devout Catholic layman took hold of a club, and followed this noble priest into Bishop Keily's palace; where he, the said layman (and his name it was Jerry Walsh), sorely belabored the said noble priest with said club—an untoward event, concerning which the Savannah papers would not say one single syllable.

There was a noble priest, Father Fitzpatrick, who seduced the wife of Colonel E. M. Irish, broke up his home, and caused the suicide of the beautiful young woman who had been one of the belles in Augusta, Georgia. It was in April, 1915, that this victim of celibate lust, took her own life in Chicago.

Another noble priest got on a prolonged spree in Chicago, murdered a harmless old station-master, was tried for the crime before a Romanist jury, was promptly acquitted, and quietly dived into a monastery, to escape the unkind remarks of "the world."

Two other noble priests of New Orleans, conspired to rob a woman, and

they stole $60,000 of her money, one of the robbers being a noble priest who was private secretary to the God-maker, Archbishop Blenk. This noble crime," on Irene Shafer, a 14-year-old girl, employed in his house, and he offered to pay the victim $3,000 not to tell.



A NOBLE PRIEST"—HANS SCHMIDT—SEDUCER AND MURDERER.

priest, Scotti, hid out, and has not yet shown up.

A noble priest, J. M. Phelan, pastor of St. Anthony's Catholic Church, Niagara Wis., committed "the usual

The Cincinnati Enquirer of June 10, 1915, published the dispatch from Marinette, Wis., in which the priest was reported as saying, "I am guilty. I committed the crime."

The dispatch adds:

Marinette, Wis., June 14.—The Rev. J. M. Phelan, pastor of St. Anthony's Catholic Church, of Niagara, was sentenced to three years in State's prison, and to pay $1,000 for the support of the unborn child of Irene Shafer, 14 years old, as the result of the priest's confession of improper relations with the girl.

The accusation was brought by John Shafer, father of Irene, and member of St. Anthony's congregation. The girl had been employed to do housework for the priest.

Most of the parishioners remain loyal to the pastor.

When he was taken to his home by Sheriff Holquist to arrange his personal affairs before leaving for Waupun, people of the village surrounded him and kissed his hand.

The father of the girl asserted threats have been made against him, and says he wil leave the village. The mother and girl already have gone.

A noble priest Hans Schmidt, ruined a trustful German girl, Anna Aumuller; and when she was about to become a mother, he cut her throat while she slept in his bed. Then he cut up her body, and flung the pieces into the river. This noble priest now sits in the death room at Sing Sing, waiting for a decision on his motion for a new trial.

A noble priest, Paul Reinfels, of Quincy, Illinois, went to California, for his health; and he took with him a young widow, Mrs. Shearer.

The noble priest and the charming widow lived in a one-room cabin, she being his nurse, you understand.

The noble priest's cohabitation with the widow excited the unreasonable jealousy of Peter Glennon, an accursed heretic, who had loved the woman in an honorable way.

One night, when the noble priest and the widow were alone in the one-room cabin, Glennon entered; and somebody shot him to death.

The widow told the committing court that Glennon shot himself! The noble priest was slightly shot, also, but not enough to hurt. However, he claimed to be a very sick person, and *the kindly magistrate tried him in his absence.*

The charming widow's evidence cleared the noble priest.

In St. Paul, Minn., a few weeks ago, a noble priest came to his untimely end, as follows:

Jealous Husband's Deed Witnessed by Young Son.

St. Paul, Minn., May 29.—Jealous of Father E. J. Walsh, a priest, Patrick Gibbons, a well-known commission broker of South St. Paul, killed him and his wife tonight.

Gibbons drove first to his home, where he fired a bullet into his wife, killing her instantly. Then, placing his little son in the buggy by his side, he drove to the parish home of Father Walsh and called him to the door. As the priest appeared, he shot him down.

In Italy, and in all other countries, it is the same: a noble priest *will* have his defamers. Read the following:

Rome, March 25, via Paris, March 26.—Recovery by the police of a famous art treasure stolen from the parish church of Massa d'Albe, after it was destroyed by the earthquake in January, has disclosed also that the parish priest was murdered by his brother, according to advices from Avezzano.

The priest was slain, the authorities assert, by his brother, who suspected the ecclesiastic of being too frienlly with his wife. This man, it is asserted, found the clergyman lying helpless under the ruins and killed him, with the assistance of friends.

The Italian priest had debauched his own brother's wife, and the wronged layman had to postpone his revenge until the earthquake pinned the God-maker underneath the wreckage of the church.

But the corruption is not confined to the Schmidts, the Reinfels, and the Walshes: it goes into the Vatican, itself, and besmirches the robes of the pope.

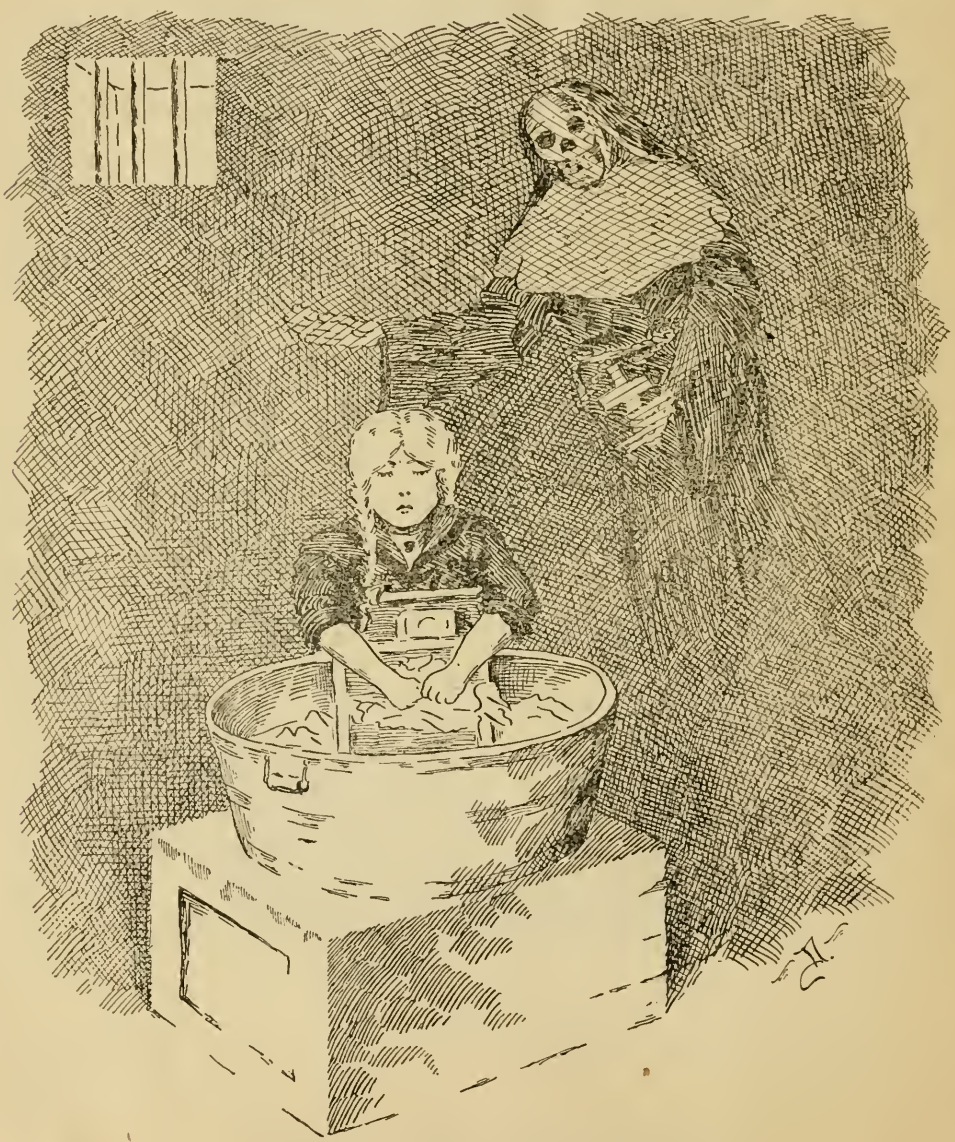
Refresh your memory by reading below:

(Special Correspondence to The Sun.)

Rome, May 5.—There is still another sequel—a scandal they call it here—to the search for the missing will of the late Cardinal Rampolla. Among the many letters found by the judicial authorities in the Cardinal's house during the search there were two bundles from Countess Parravicini di Revel, a pious Catholic noblewoman from Milan, and an old friend of the Cardinal's.

One bundle was given to a judicial officer for safekeeping until a decision could be reached as to whether they should be returned to the Countess. The other bundle disappeared.

Fearing the publication of other letters Cardinal Rampolla's sister, Baroness Perrana, wrote to the Countess, insisting that she should return all the letters written by Cardinal Rampolla, and warning her that unless she did so she would not have her letters returned. The Countess refused to part with her letters, but assured the Cardinal's sister that she



SLAVE IN THE HOUSE OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

would not publish any of them. A few days ago a representative of the Holy See returned to the Cardinal's sister the missing bundle, and informed her that, owing to a mistake, they had been delivered to the Holy See. The Vatican, he added, did not care whether these letters were published or not. If they appeared in print, however, **they would not throw a good light on the reputation of the Cardinal.**

What the Cardinal's sister feared had happened. The Vatican had found out what the letters contained, and as a result **the pope ordered that Countess Parravicini di Revel should resign as President of the Catholic women in Ireland.** Despite the fact that every effort has been made to keep the contents of the letters secret, it is known that Cardinal Rampolla bitterly criticised the policy followed by Pius X., and deplored that the Archbishop of Boston had been created a Cardinal.

Thinly veiled, the accusation against Cardinal Rampolla is, that the Countess was his mistress.

DEATH RATHER THAN ROMISH HELL-HOLE.

Choosing to die rather than be sent to an orphans' home, Anna Margaret Smith, 16 years old, drank two ounces of carbolic acid, at the Detention Home, at Ninth Avenue and Cherry Street, at 11 o'clock this morning, and lies at the City Hospital, with scarcely a chance of recovery. The act was committed while her father waited to take her to the House of the Good Shepherd, where he had arranged for her keeping.

The girl is the daughter of William G. C. Smith, 5008 Oregon Street. Her mother is dead, and she has lived with her father, and has been his housekeeper. She is a beautiful girl, with a wealth of blonde hair and appealing big blue eyes.

Another case:

That Marie Scheben, 16, had not acted on sudden impulse in ending her life Wednesday morning, but long brooded over being confined in the convent at the Home of the Good Shepherd, near Ft. Thomas, was indicated by testimony given before Coroner Digby, late Wednesday, at the home. It also developed that she drank the carbolic acid on the second anniversary of the day she was placed in the convent. Other girls testified that she frequently spoke of wanting to be released and sent to her parents' home, in Dayton, Ky. She was to have been sent home some time before Christmas, the sister superior said. The funeral service will be held Saturday morning, at St. Bernard's Church, in Dayton.

Thus do Florence Cleland cases multiply all over the country. It is said that there are 50,000 Protestant girls confined in the slave-pens of Rome, drudging their lives out at the wash-tub, at the sewing machine, in the laundry, &c.; their earnings given over to the gross, sensual, ravenous priests, who live like princes, in palatial homes, and grow fat on the unrequited toil of these white victims.

Here is a cheerful bit of news for the Romanists who make so much of an occasional time-server who leaves Protestantism, to kneel at the pope's feet:

A recent despatch from Washington, D. C., said:

A wedding which united two descendants of Lord Baltimore was celebrated in St. John's Episcopal Church, today, at noon, when Miss Rosalie E. S. Calvert and George Calvert, of Springfield, Mass., were married by the Rev. George Calvert Carter, of Bryn Mawr, Pa. The bride is a daughter of the late Charles Calvert, of MacAlpine, Md. The bridegroom is a son of George H. Calvert, of Washington and Maryland. Many of the wedding gifts bore the crest of the first Cecil Calvert, Lord Baltimore.

New York has had a fresh supply of hot liquor, well spiced, in the new play, "Marie-Odile."

There is a picture of a beautiful young nun, bending over a baby's crib, in which lies her first infant, and the hands of the young nun express wonder, while her sweet face oozes angelic innocence and joy—as who should say to the baby, "How did *you* get here, seraphic sprite?"

Underneath the picture of the nun and her first child, appear these lines:

The combination of war, Edward Knoblauch and Frances Starr, has succeeded in making "Marie-Odile" the most discussed play in New York this season; but it is Miss Starr's art that first saves the play from a sentence of mediocrity, and then exalts it into the class af real drama. The story is of a young novice, who, with the innocence of a child, accepts the birth of her son as a miracle from heaven. The sincerity with which Miss Starr portrays the simple faith of the young nun makes the play a memorable one, and justifies her fame as America's best actress.

Between the Mexican nuns who retired from view for a season, and these European nuns and their "war babies," we are getting a God's lavish of fool talk.

Whenever a "raped" woman has a child, *there was no rape.*

Some of the residents of the warring European countries are not to be left entirely penniless by the war, if Uncle Sam can help it.

The annual report of Gaylord M. Saltzgaber, Commissioner of Pensions, just made public, shows that to pensioners of the wars of the United States now permanently residing abroad, the following amounts are being sent annually: Germany (504), $96,204; France (88), $20,918; Austria-Hungary (35), $6,156; Russia (10), $2,040; Belgium (21), $5,100; Luxemburg (3), $432; England (464), $97,998; Ireland (415), $85,814; Scotland (75), $14,750; Wales (29), $5,592.

In Japan, there are thirty-four American pensioners, who draw a total of $6,732 a year.

Of all the foreign countries, however, Canada has the largest number of American war pensioners. Two thousand six hundred and ninety-two of them, the remnants of the sixty thousand men that Canada sent into this country to join the Union Army during the Civil War, draw in pensions annually from the United States a total of $529,620.

All told, this government sends to foreign countries in pension payment annually a total of $1,034,071.

During 1914, there were 785,239 persons on the pension rolls of the United States. They received a total of $172,417,546.26, and the cost of administering the pension service was $2,066,507.15, making a total of $174,484,053.41.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

When, after the Treaty of Passau, the Emperor Charles V. visited Martin Luther's tomb at Wittemberg, the monks urged him to open the grave and have the Reformer's dust scattered to the winds.

The noble reply was—"I make no war upon the dead."

But the monks and the priests are not so nice: they have never ceased to defile the graves of both Luther and his wife.

Read this, for example—

Luther was an apostate monk, living in concubinage with an unfrocked nun, and he has been judged by Protestant writers with merited severity. His life, after his apostacy, was that of a libertine, entirely taken up with the pleasures of a table and animal pleasures, so much so that it had become a proverb, in occasions of self-indulgence, to say: "Today we shall live **a la Luther.**"—"Plain Talk About Protestantism" (endorsed by the entire papal hierarchy in the United States).

The noble woman whom Luther married, in strict accordance with German laws, was named Catherine Bora, and Dr. Coxe, in his monumental work on "The House of Austria," says she came of noble family.

If Luther lived in concubinage with Catharine, then William Hohenzollern is living in concubinage with the Empress, and George Guelph is living in concubinage with the Queen of England.

If Luther's relations with his wife were immoral, then Mr. Roosevelt's relations with his most excellent wife are of the same character.

The reason why the Romanists of today befoul the graves of Luther and his wife is, that she was an escaped nun, and he was a monk who burnt the pope's bull of excommunication.

The pope who tried to crush the German reformer, was the dissolute Medici Prince, Leo X., who was ill of venereal disease during the conclave which elected him to "St. Peter's chair." To the end of his days, Leo was a rake, a wine-bibber, and a prodigal: all historians tell you so.

Luther was a chaste, moral man, and even the respectable Romish historians tell you so. When he left the Augustin monastery to become professor of philosophy in the new University of Wittemberg, he carried to Frederick the Wise, elector of Saxony, a testimonial from Staupitz, Vicar-General to the Augustin order, in which Staupitz spoke in the highest terms of Luther's habits, attainments, and character.

The papal encyclical of 1864 tells us:

"There is an erroneous opinion called by our predecessor, Gregory XVI., **an insanity**, that **liberty of conscience and worship** is each man's personal right. There are also other principal errors of our time, as the proposition that it is no longer expedient that our religion should be considered **the religion of a State**, to the exclusion of all other forms of worship, that **Protestantism is a form of the Christian religion**, that the church has not the power of dogmatically defining that the Catholic is **the only true religion**; that **the church has no power of employing force.**"

The following is the oath of allegiance which every naturalized citizen of the United States has taken:

"I hereby declare, on oath, that I absolutely and entirely renounce and abjure all allegiance and fidelity to any foreign prince, potentate, State or sovereignty, and particularly to (name of ruler of your native land), of whom I have heretofore been a subject.

"I hereby declare, on oath, that I will support nad defend the Constitution and laws of the United States of America against all enemies, foreign and domestic, and that I will bear true faith and allegiance to the same."

Note the emphatic words of renouncement of all former allegiance. "I ABSOLUTELY AND ETERNALLY RENOUNCE AND ABJURE ALL ALLEGIANCE AND FIDELITY TO ANY FOREIGN PRINCE, POTENTATE, STATE OR SOVEREIGNTY.'

How can a Roman Catholic be a true citizen and acknowledge the pope as THE SOVEREIGN PONTIFF, AND A KING OF KINGS?—The Christian.

Does the history of the Church of Rome prove that she has been averse to bloodshed? The reply is shocking, but true:

"That the Church of Rome has shed more innocent blood than any other institution that has ever existed among mankind, will be questioned by no Protestant who has a competent knowledge of history.—'History of the Rise and Influence of the Spirit of Rationalism in Europe,' W. E. H. Lecky, Vol. II., page 32."

The present head of the Navy is Admiral Benson, a Romanist and a Jesuit. He has introduced into the South, for the first time in our history, the "Military Mass," at which non-Catholic seamen are compelled to do reverence to the jackasseries of popery, as a matter of discipline. The recent miracle at the Norfolk Navy-yard was the beginning of the official extension of compulsory Romanism into the Southern States.

That's one result of placing a third-rate Bryanite editor in the Cabinet, as Secretary of the Navy.

If Josephus Daniels were reduced to liquid form, he wouldn't have strength enough to glide down a precipice. He has allowed the Cardinal O'Connell militant politicians of Rome to walk all over the Navy Department; and he himself has disgraced his supposedly Huguenot ancestry by officially attending those jackass military masses.

This entire Democratic leadership appears to have convinced itself that there is no intense resentment among the people against the grasping of power, and the trampling upon our laws by these high priests who are the sworn subjects of a foreign potentate,

and who are sworn to persecute non-Catholics to the utmost.

When such men as the blatant, arrogant, and swell-headed Cardinal O'Connell can force non-Catholic Americans to take part in a paganistic performance which they despise and

attends to its own business, there isn't a nation on earth that would attack us. But they also know that more battleships mean more Romanist chaplains: more army-posts, mean more Romanist chapels; and more military masses, mean more infractions of our

A PAPAL VIRGIN—AND HIS NAME IS WILLIAM O'CONNELL AND HE PAID THE POPE $10.000 FOR HIS RED CARDINAL'S HAT.

abhor, he has taken a very considerable step toward abolishing freedom of worship.

These militant Romanists clamor for a German state of "preparedness for war," demanding a huge increase of the Army and Navy. They know quite well that, as long as this Government

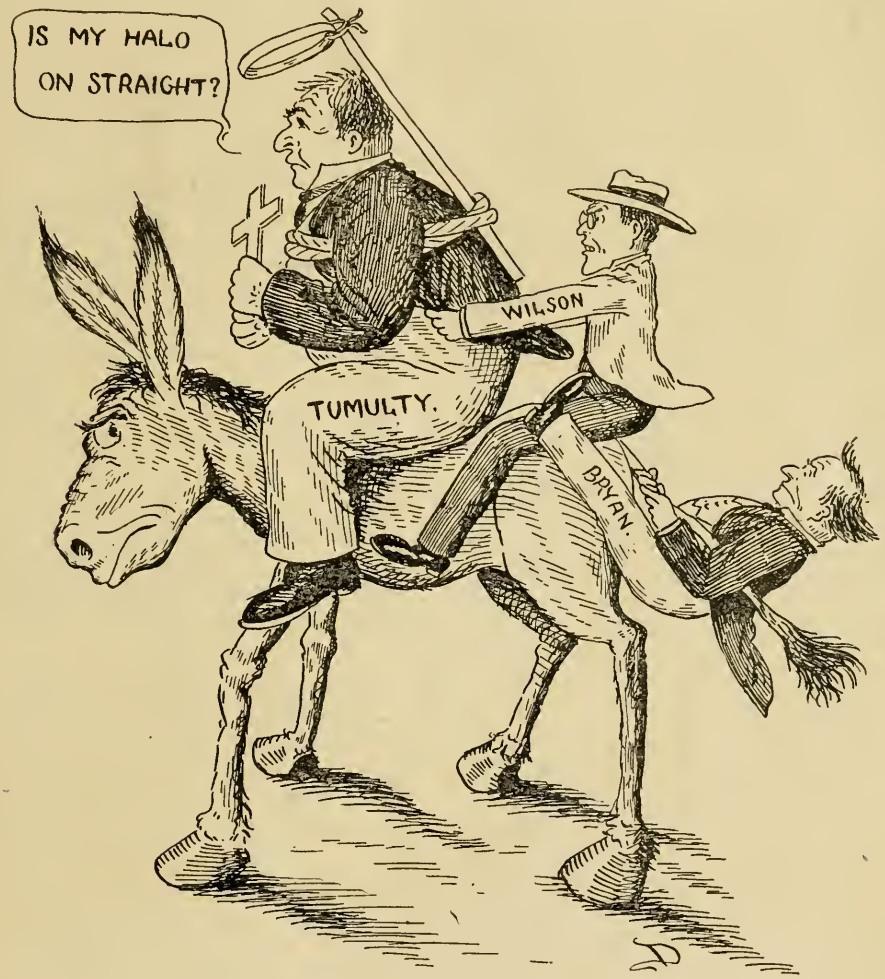
Constitutional guaranty of freedom of worship.

The great Methodist denomination publishes a magazine, which is partly financed out of collections taken up for the heathen, and which in its April number tells mankind that the Mission

at Soochow, China, teaches hygeine, embroidery, swat-the-fly, keep-out-the-mosquito, and how to nurse the babies. For her monthly labor (sewing) at the Mission, each Chinese woman is paid $1.75 *per month*, which "is far more than the Chinese merchants would pay for similar work."

fourths of the year, and a vacation on full pay for the other three months, which are spent loafing in a mountain bungalow.

All her travelling expenses must be paid; and, if she marries a missionary, her full salary runs right on—as her husband's does—and if she is blessed



BRYAN'S OFF.

On this wage of $1.75 a month, the Chinese woman "supports herself and family;" and, I presume, makes a snug deposit in the savings bank.

Yet the missionary lady who writes this letter to The Missionary Voice, has to have $600 a year, *net*, with a palace in the city, rent free, for three-

with children, she gets $100 a year for each of them, up to 15 years old, and $150 for each of them after that, up to 18 years old.

The Chinese woman gets $21.50 out of the mission funds for twelve months' hard work; and she supports herself and family on it: but the self-denying

missionary, who has gone there to save that Chinese woman's soul, must not only have $600 for herself, and $600 for Father, but, as the tots come along, each tot must have, for 18 years, an average of five times as much as supports the Chinese woman and her family.

That's what I call Foreign Missions *de luxe*. And our Protestant churches are crazy about it. So are the missionaries. Their children also appreciate it, as soon as they get old enough to know a good snap when they see it.

Well, my friend William Jenkins Bryan slipped off that mule, in spite of all I could do. Tumulty and Wilson are the sole passengers, now. Tumulty has a papal fence around the White House, and the President has no real means of learning the sentiment of the country on any situation, Mexican, European, or *American*.

The greatest misfortune that can happen to a man high in authority, is to be shut off from public sentiment.

We are told that the Sultan of the Arabian Nights era—Haroun al Raschid—used to disguise himself and stroll about the streets of Bagdad, listening to the common talk of the people.

Napoleon had the same habit, at least during the earlier years of his supremacy.

The Duke de Morny, half-brother of Napoleon III., attended all the social functions, theatres, horse-races, bourse speculations, and parliamentary sittings, and thus kept in touch with current opinion. As long as he lived, the two high-born bastards of her Majesty, Queen Hortense, ruled France securely. But when Morny died, Napoleon III. had no one who would tell him the truth about public feeling—and the surviving bastard allowed himself to be hurried into ruin by a bigoted Spanish woman, who was the blind tool of Jesuit priests.

Admiral Benson is a Jesuit: Secretary Tumulty is a Jesuit: Cardinal Gibbons is a Jesuit: Cardinal O'Connell is a Jesuit: Cardinal Farley is a Jesuit: Archbishop Mora, of Mexico, is a Jesuit: Chief Justice White is a Jesuit; and the Assistant-General of the Jesuit order *is an American!*

The present head of the Jesuit order is pro-German: the head of the Sacred Heart order, is a German nun: the Papal Ambassador of the pope at Washington, is a Jesuit, and pro-German: the leading Romanist periodicals are Jesuit, and pro-German.

But none of these facts will occur to President Wilson. And if you were to try to arouse his attention to them, your letter, telegram, or message would stop at Tumulty.

It would never get through the Jesuit fence.

One article in the syllabus of Dec. 8, 1864, reads:

> Let him be accursed who declares that the ecclesiastical tribunals for judging offending priests in matters temporal, civil or criminal, ought to be absolutely abolished, despite the protest of the Holy See.

Pope Pius IX. resurrected that medieval law, which in the Dark Ages imposed upon England the monstrous privilege known as "benefit of clergy." You can read about it in Blackstone's Commentaries. It means that if a person convicted of crime *could write*, the court had to set him free.

This privilege was called "benefit of clergy," because the priests did not teach anybody to write, *except students for the priesthood!*

If it was that dark in England, you can imagine what the murk was in Europe, when bestial popes and swinish priests ruled supreme.

Yet the Romanists in America are putting forth muscular exertions to prove that the Roman Church has always been the educator of the com-

mon people; and that, during the Dark Ages. the schools were rather more numerous and more excellent than they are at present.

It was out of mere caprice, no doubt. that the barons at Runnymede signed Magna Charta *by making their marks.* If the barons had not been taught to use the pen. it was probably because the priests were so busy teaching the serfs and the yeomen how to calculate by the Rule of Three, and how to copy the Latin Bible into idiomatic English.

As to the peasants of Ireland, Scotland, France, Spain, Portugal, Italy, Germany, Austria, Belgium. Mexico, and South America everybody knows how diligently the Roman Church attended to their education.

The violent opposition which the pope makes to the literacy test for immigrants, is not based on the fact that the Catholic proletariate of papal Europe have never been taught to write. but upon the broad principle that no accursed heretical government has the right to ask a Catholic whether he can write. or not. The pope says, in effect, that such a question is an "insult."

Washington, D. C., March 23.—An American warship will take to Yucatan money to finance the movement of Mexico's sisal hemp crop, needed to make twine for binding th eAmerican wheat crop this year. The money—$625,000 in currency, which manufacturers propose to advance to the hemp growersis in bank vaults at Galveston, Texas, but until today no safe means of getting it to Mexico had been found.

Secretary Daniels agreed to permit the use of a warship, after having heard sisal purchasers outline difficulties that had been encountered. It is probable that a gunboat or destroyer now in Southern waters will transport the money.

These Yucatan "hemp-growers" are the 150 Spanish land-kings who own Yucatan, and upon whose immense plantations 150,000 Indian slaves work, under the lash of a more brutal regime than ever was dreamed of by Harriet Beecher Stowe.

These Spanish land-kings are Roman Catholics, and their principal customer is the Steel Trust.

General Carranza laid a tax on these Romanist slave drivers, which they refused to pay, and he closed their port, Progresso. The Steel Trust wanted the twine, and it got busy with our Romanized Navy Department. Quickly our battleships opened the port, carried $625.000 to the Catholic slave-owners, and hauled the hemp to the Steel Trust.

What's the Constitution between such friends as a slave-driving Steel Trust, a slave-driving bunch of Catholic millionaires, and a Romanized United States Government?

In Abbott's Life of Napoleon (Vol. I., Chap. VII., p. 143) you may read—

"At Loretto there was an image of the Virgin, which the Church represented as of celestial origin, and which to the great edification of the populace, seemed miraculously to shed tears.

"Napoleon sent for the image, exposed the deception by which, *through the instrumentality of a string of glass beads*, tears appeared to flow, and he imprisoned the priests for deluding the people with trickery, &c."

There is nothing new under the sun: the pagan priests of old practised the same trickeries, with the same success.

The accompanying cuts are taken from Henry Ridgely Evans' recently published book, "The Old and the New Magic." (Open Court Pub. Co., Chicago.)

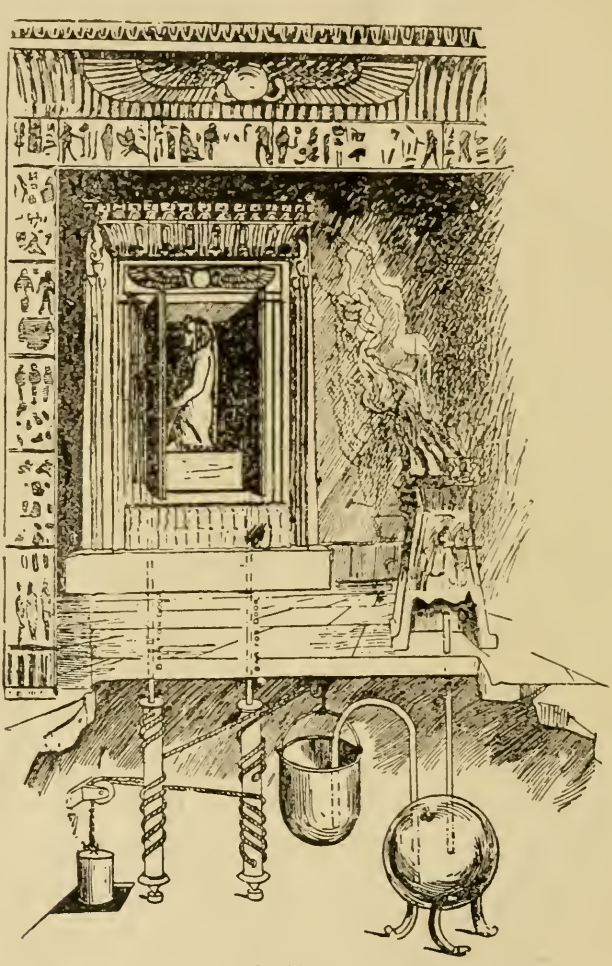
In the first, you see a virgin image of the ancient Eastern worship, and the contrivance by which the unseen power of steam opened the temple doors.

In the second, you see the fire expand the imprisoned air, send a pressure through the tubes, and move the cups which hold the water.

In the third, you see the miraculous statue of Cybele (Mother of God, and Queen of the Heavens), where a similar concealed mechanical device pressed milk out of the bosom of "Our Lady" of the ancient pagans.

The image which Napoleon exposed, still does business at Loretto, where stands the Virgin's house which the angels imported from Palestine. The house looks very much like an Italian hut, but it isn't: it is Israelitish. And that image uses the same beads to weep with; and the people to whom Napoleon showed the trick, are all dead.

Cardinal Newman never read Abbott's Napoleon, or Dr. Evans' work on Magic, and therefore old Granny Newman published to the world his sincere belief in the marbles, and the bronzes, and wood, which weeps, nods, smiles and works miracles—for imbeciles, young and old.



Cut No. 1
VERY INGENIUS AND VERY ANCIENT TRICKERY.

The Pittsburgh Observer, organ of the Romanist Bishop Canevin, says:

We learn from the Catholic Register of Kansas City that the Masons are to lay the corner stone of the new Capitol at Jefferson City, Mo. It is useless to ask by what authority they arrogate to themselves the right to represent the majesty of the State on such an occasion. We have already pointed out more than once that no sec-

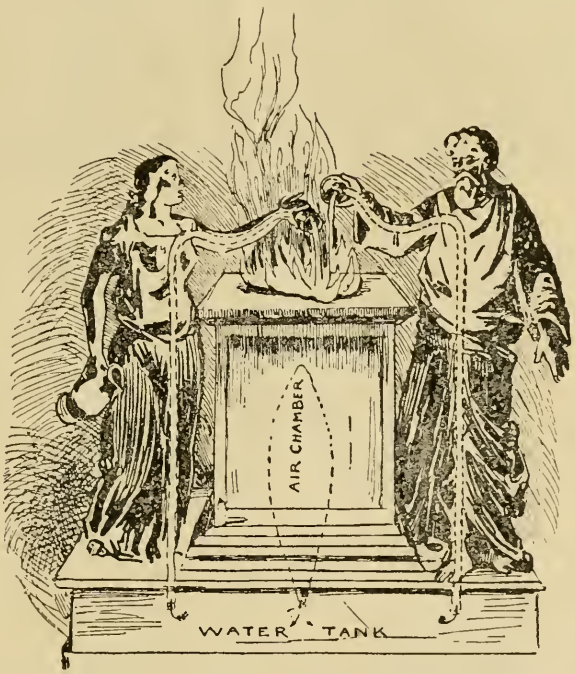
tarian or fraternal organization should be allowed to officiate on such occasions. It is the duty of the State to attend to such matters, and the officials have no right to designate the Masons or any other society to do their work. The Knights of Columbus could with better grace act in this capacity than the Masons, for the Knights of Columbus is a distinctively American society which originated in this country and is not a foreign importation.—Catholic Bulletin.

General George Washington, then, did a very improper thing, when he and other Masons laid the corner-stone of the National Capitol at Washington.

The Knights of Columbus ought to have officiated, eh? Of course, they ought. They are not the men who send "prostrate-at-your-feet" cablegrams to an ignorant old Italian priest, the nominal head of a local Italian church. They are not the men who are "at the beck and call" of such arrogant traitors as Archbishop James E. Quigley, of Chicago—prelates whose titles and authority are of "foreign importation," and whose treasonous activities are exerted to increase the power of a foreign potentate.

No, indeed, the Knights of Columbus are of distinctly American loyalty—and that's why they wire the Italian pope "prostrate - at - your - feet" messages.

The following clippings are from a recent English booklet:

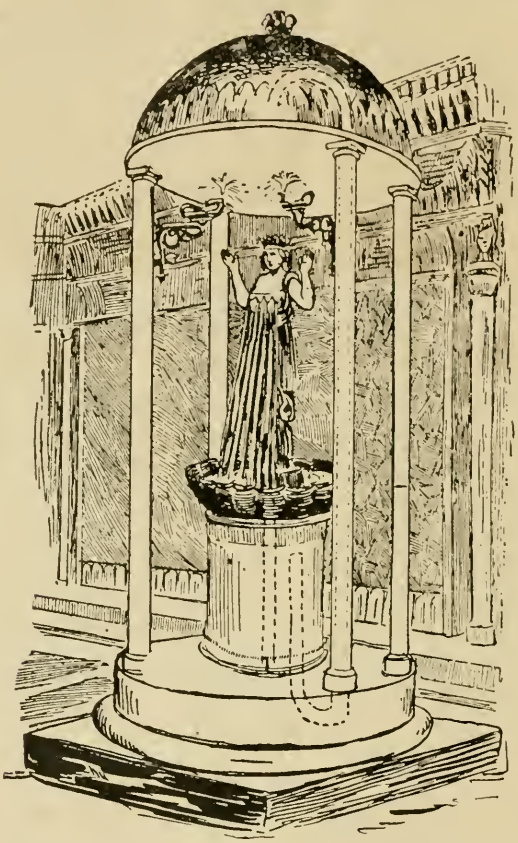


Cut No. 2
PAGAN STATUES POURING WATER, MIRACULOUSLY.

Three years later, towards the close of 1874, the Imperial Chancellor—Prince Bismarck — officially informed Parliament that the Pope's Nuncio in Munich declared to the Wurtemberg Minister that in all countries except America, England and Belgium, the Roman Church had to look to revolution as the sole means of securing her rightful position. Bismarck then continued:

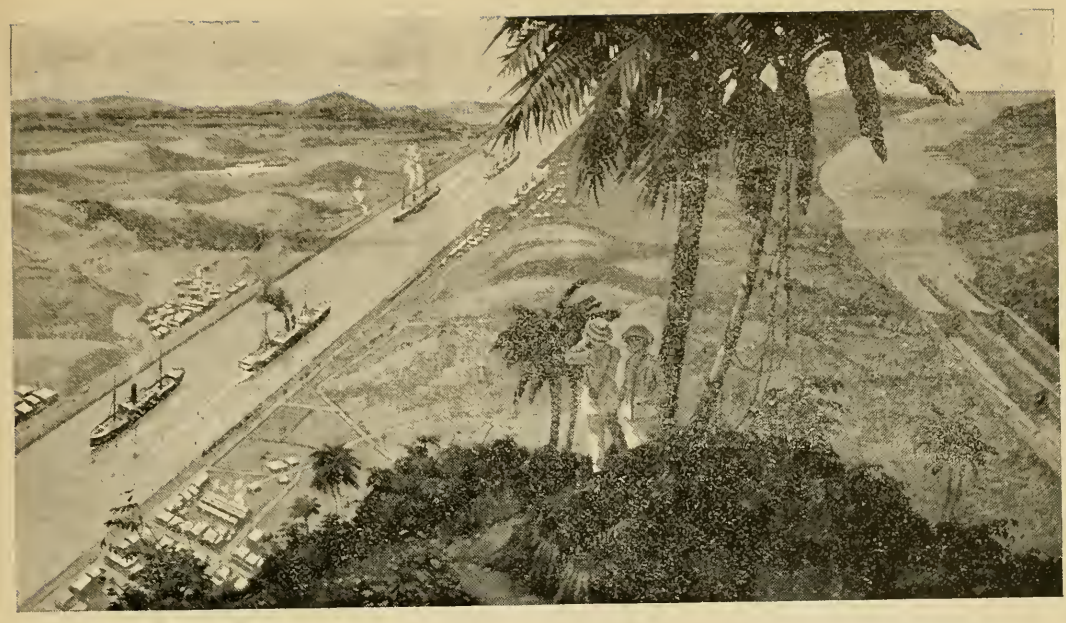
"Gentlemen, I am in possession of conclusive evidence that the war of 1870 was the combined work of Rome and France; that the Œcumenical Council was cut short on account of the war, and that very different votes would have been taken by the Council if the French had been victorious.

I know from the bestsourcesthat the Emperor Napoleon was dragged into the war very much against his will by the Jesuitical influences rampant at his Court, that he strove hard to resist these influences; that at the eleventh hour he determined to maintain peace; that he kept to this determination for half an hour, and that he was ultimately overpowered by persons representing Rome."—The True Catholic, January, 11875.



Cut No. 3
VIRGIN MILK, MIRACULOUSLY PRODUCED HUNDREDS OF YEARS BEFORE CHRIST.

"The Vatican has always been," continued the Roman Catholic delegate, "and is today, a storm-center. The Pope and his advisers have never hesitated to urge on war, no matter how bloody, when the slightest of their ordinary worldly purposes could be served by it. The great religious wars of Europe were entirely stirred up and egged on by them; and, as everybody knows, the Pope did everything to prevent the signing of the Treaty of Munster which put an end to the dreadful Thirty Years' War, even going as far as to declare the oaths taken by the plenipotentiaries at that Congress of no effect. All through the Middle Ages and at the Renaissance period the popes kept Italy in turmoil for two centuries after the Reformation—in fact, just as long as they could—in the wars of religion. They did everything they could to stir up the war between Austria and Prussia in 1866, thinking that Austria, a Catholic power, was sure to win; and then everything possible to stir up the war of France against Prussia in 1870, in order to accomplish the same purpose of Checking German Protestantism; and now they are doing all they can to arouse hatred, even to deluge Italy in blood, in the vain attempt to recover the Temporal Power. . . . . Their whole policy is based on stirring up hatred and promoting conflicts from which they hope to draw worldly advantage. In view of all this, one stands amazed at the cool statements of the Vatican letter."—"Autobiography of Dr. White," vol. 2, pp. 349-351. Quoted in "Papal Conquest."



The Price of Progress

THE Panama Canal stands as one of the most marvelous achievements of the age. Into its construction went not only the highest engineering skill, but the best business brains of the nation, backed by hundreds of millions of dollars.

Suppose conditions not to be foreseen made it necessary to replace the present canal with a new and larger waterway of the sea-level type, to be built in the next ten years.

Also suppose that this new canal would be the means of a great saving in time and money to the canal-using public, because of the rapid progress in canal engineering.

This sounds improbable; yet it illustrates exactly what has happened in the development of the telephone, and what certainly will happen again.

Increasing demands upon the telephone system, calling for more extended and better service, forced removal of every part of the plant not equal to these demands. Switchboards, cables, wires and the telephone instrument itself were changed time and again, as fast as the advancing art of the telephone could improve them.

It was practical to do all this because it greatly increased the capacity of the plant, reduced service rates and added subscribers by the hundred thousand.

In ten years, the telephone plant of the Bell System has been rebuilt and renewed, piece by piece, at an expense exceeding the cost of the Canal.

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Book Review

"PILLARS OF SMOKE." Sturgis & Walton Company, New York, Publishers.

The author takes a womanly young woman, and supposes her to be ardently in love with a young priest, who warmly reciprocates her passion, but whose clerical education makes him such a craven, and such a slave, that he dares not follow the promptings of Nature, and mate, lawfully, with the girl.

There is nothing more baffling to emancipated thinkers than to see the fetichism of white men who are presumed to be cultured, but who have really been brick-kilned and moulded into dense, impenetrable ignorance.

College graduates still consider it necessary to their soul's salvation to implicitly believe all the folklore childishness of the Arab tribe which we now call the Jews.

That serpents conversed with human beings; that all the different colors of Man originated in one white pair; that Jehovah took evening strolls on earth with favored mortals; that angels came down and begot children by Hebrew ladies; that donkeys talked; that bears devoured innocent children, because an irritable old gentleman resented the pertness of the children in reminding him of his bald-headedness; that a prophet drove a pair of horses to Heaven, and stabled both the horses and himself up there, forever; that a strong Jew outran two hundred foxes, and spliced their tails together; that a man lived comfortably inside a fish for several days, and came forth as good as new, and without serious injury to the fish; that three Hebrews walked in the midst of flames, singing a lengthy song—which is given at length in the Jewish writings—and came forth without smoke on their garments; that ravenous lions felt so much awe for another Hebrew, that they refrained from eating him; that several pairs of all living things—including pole-cats, rattlesnakes, hyenas, zebras, lions, tigers, buffalos, giraffes, and a thousand other animals, birds, &c.—lived and were fed and watered, on board a little house-boat, not larger than a Cunard steamer; that Egyptian jugglers turned sticks into serpents, and that Aaran's stick, changing itself into a larger anaconda, swallowed all the other snakes—these are some of the Jewish folklore stories that I believe, for the simple reason that if I didn't, I'd go to hell.

While it may be easy for you to understand why I believe a whole lot of absurd Hebrew rubbish—just because an early Association of Churches felt called upon to make them a part of the Bible—it is certainly not easy for you to understand how any church can educate a man out of his natural reason, and make him sacrifice himself and others for a preposterous system, which conflicts both with Nature and the Bible.

All through the Old Testament, the precept and the example are, to mate, increase, people the earth: throughout the New Testament run the same precept and example.

Men were made to mate with women, to procreate and to continue the human race; women were made—not to lead armies, sit on the judgment seat, or control the State, but to be the helpmeet and counterpart of man, bear his children, and make his home.

So runs the Bible; so runs the history of the world; so run the promptings of Nature.

The early Christian ministers were married men. The father of esslesiastical history, Eusebius, says that several of the Apostles were married men. Peter certainly was, although the Romanists strive manfully to convince people that when Peter's wife's mother lay ill of a fever, Peter's mother-in-law's daughter was dead.

That being the sad case, it would seem to have been unnecessary to use the phrase, "Peter's wife's mother."

The inspired writer might just as well have said that, "Sarah Levi lay ill with a fever," or, "Leah Jacobs lay ill of a fever," and let it go at that.

By saying that the sick lady was the mother of Peter's wife, the evangelist made the erroneous impression in our minds, that the family tie of wife, and mother-in-law, still existed between Petrus and those two Jewesses.

At least, the Romanists so contend.

But the history of the church shows that, for more than 1,000 years, the Christian bishops continued to obey the Pauline injunction to take not more than one wife at a time.

If the bishops took more than one, they had to be mighty sly about it.

Need I say that this was before the time when coy young widows could adver-

tise themselves in Roman Catholic papers, as being desirous of the position of the young priest's "housekeeper?"

Need it be specifically stated that it was before the time when priests were ever on the still-hunt for emotional young women to fill the places of the "worn-outs," in the cloistered convents?

As all well-read men know, many of the Roman bishops were the sons of married priests. Those bishops now appear by name in the long list of popes.

We are told that the father and grandfather of St. Patrick were married ecclesiastics.

Thus, the Romanists not only build their church on a matrimonial "Rock," but at least one of their saints was the son of lawful wedlock.

Nevertheless, the hypnotic spell of personal environment, and priestly "education," is so omnipotent, that the modern system of celibacy obliterates the Bible, defies the commands of the Apostle to the Gentiles, ignores the facts of history, insults the holiest passions of humanity, and menaces civilization with the ever-growing cancer of a bachelor priesthood, for whom the sexual use of women **must** be provided.

For all rational men know that these sensual looking priests, who feed on the richest foods, and drink the warmest wines, MUST **have women!**

Where do they get them?

Either the buxom housekeeper is a concubine; or the priest gets what he needs in the secrecy of the cloistered convent; or he is the paramour of some Catholic's wife or daughter.

Cases of this sort are cropping out oftener and oftener. Sometimes it is a murder, like that of Hans Schmidt; sometimes a suicide, like that of the brilliant and beautiful society woman, Mrs. Ivins, formerly of Augusta, Georgia; sometimes it is a rape, as in the case of Cardinal O'Connell's priest, in Massachusetts; sometimes it is a homicide, as in California, where the priest went off to "tent" with his "nurse," and her sweetheart tried to kill the priest; sometimes, it is a Catholic husband, suddenly returning, and finding a priest in bed with his wife, as in the Texas and Minnesota cases.

In "Pillars of Smoke," the author portrays all the yearnings of a devoted woman for her beloved priest, who is so submerged in what he has been taught to believe, that he can not be brought to the surface of Nature and Common Sense. He has been educated to believe that the marital relation of his own mother was an impure state, as compared to his own

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wretched, unnatural, and necessarily immoral condition.

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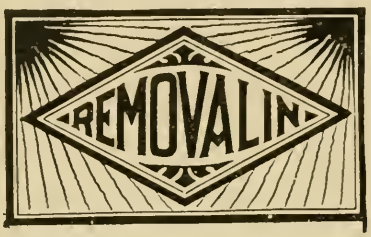

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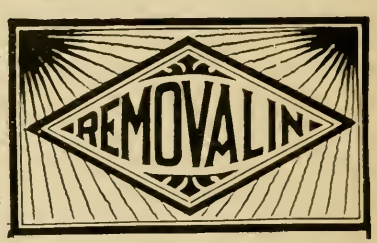

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